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EXTRASENSORY PERCEPTION—INCREDIBLE CASES—WEIRD, SHOCKING, TRUE

STRANGE ESP

BY WARREN SMITH

A child's other-worldly power calls her mother from the dead

A bizarre beauty forecasts the future

The lion, the wizard and the supernatural

He remembers events from other lives

THE ALL-TIME EERIE
CASES OF
MIND OVER MATTER...

- THE MAN WITH THE IBM MIND: his co-workers, astounded by his astonishing ability, compare William Klein to a computer

- THE VOICES BEHIND AN ASSASSIN: the real story of the man who assassinated President Garfield in 1882—and the strange voices that directed him

- THE ENIGMA OF DÉJÀ DU: the case of the man who can be in two places at once

- ELBERFELD'S ESP EQUINES: a German animal trainer controls the minds of his horses as they solve fantastic mathematical problems

STRANGE ESP

BY WARREN SMITH

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DEDICATION:

To my daughter, Suzanne,
and the other merry pranksters.

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The Fortuneteller Who Fingered a Felon

Gladys Patrick, a clairvoyant and fortuneteller, practiced her psychic powers in Sydney, Australia, during the waning years of the last century. She was one of the first psychically gifted individuals to use ESP to apprehend criminals and felons.

A large sum of money was stolen from the home of a back country rancher. Police inspectors and constables searched for the thief. It was apparent after several weeks that their efforts were fruitless. The authorities and the rancher agreed to consult the noted clairvoyant.

Mrs. Patrick was brought to the ranch house. The assembled men waited expectantly as she entered a deep trance. A clerk recorded every word of her eerie message.

"It's very dark," she whispered hoarsely. "I see a man in pants and boots entering the bedroom. He's opening up a bureau drawer. It's the third drawer from the top. A wooden box is brought out . . . ooh! Look at the money!"

Mrs. Patrick proceeded to provide a vivid description of the physical appearance of the thief. "He has a tattoo on his left forearm," she mumbled. "It reads . . . J . . . I . . . M . . ."

Police officials nodded knowingly at the exact description of a suspect in the case. The man was a bartender in a nearby village, with a long record of felony convictions.

The police confronted the bartender with the clairvoyant's information on the burglary. "All right, I did it," the felon admitted. "How did you find out? There was absolutely no one about that night."

After a confession was signed, the bitter burglar was informed that the only witness to his crime was Mrs. Pat-

rick's vision. "Lor! A bloke don't have a chance," the robber roared. "I been fingered by a bloomin' fortuneteller!"

The 1898 robbery was one of several criminal cases where Gladys Patrick's strange pyschic powers puzzled criminals, solved crimes and aided the police.

The Man with the Radar Mind

Every day, in many ways, R. C. "Doc" Anderson adds to his reputation as one of the world's leading prophets. Newspapers have tagged the southern seer as "The Man with the Radar Mind." Many clients call the amazing clairvoyant their "Georgia Seer." Others claim he is the world's "master mentalist."

Whatever his title, Doc Anderson has compiled an impressive 95% accuracy in his predictions of the future. Even more astonishing, these forecasts are in print *before* the event happens. His office at 302 Gordon Avenue, Rossville, Georgia, contains documented files of his exceptional paranormal talents. Testimony to his gift of ESP comes from witnesses throughout the world.

Doc Anderson is a hearty, robust giant whose muscular six-foot-two inch frame towers above any crowd. He has accurately predicted the death of President Roosevelt, the end of World War II, the atomic bomb, Eisenhower's election, television and many other events during the past two decades. In 1968, he predicted the assassinations of Martin Luther King, Jr. and Senator Robert Kennedy.

Among his predictions for the future, Doc Anderson forecasts:

☆ An assassination attempt will be made on the life of a southern governor during 1969.

☆ The United States will realize that our true enemies in Asia are North Korea and China.

☆ In the years ahead, there will be a change in our relations with Russia. There is a possible change of leadership in the USSR and the two opposing forces will struggle for power. There will be a strong surge toward democracy in the satellite countries.

☆ There will be continued tension in China during 1969,

with many problems for the present government. That nation will be struck by a great famine.

☆ A top leader of our nation will die in 1969.

☆ Although he will have "his day in court," New Orleans' District Attorney James Garrison will be unable to prove conspiracy charges in the assassination of President Kennedy.

☆ The next great war will start within a decade. It will be triggered by a Red Chinese attack on two American metropolitan areas. These cities will be devastated. The conflict will be of short duration because our country and Russia will ally and defeat the Chinese.

☆ Within the next decade, science will discover a drug to prolong life to more than a hundred years. Old age will be forgotten. This drug will work on the arteries of the body and nourish aging cells.

☆ War will be abolished within the next 25 years and mankind will live in peace and universal brotherhood.

Maria—
the Miracle Medium

Maria Marchellino, a young Italian girl in Rome, has astonished professors and parapsychologists alike with her seemingly miraculous feats of materialization. Large stones, pieces of furniture and blazing bonfires have been manifested during her incredible trances.

"She is undoubtedly one of the most amazing mediums of all time," declared Dr. Luigi Scaffo of Rome, a psychologist who had studied Maria's puzzling talents. The skeptical professor and other psychic researchers have been unable to detect evidence of fraud in her mysterious demonstrations.

"I can't explain how it is done," admitted the seventeen-year-old medium. "Since I was a small child, I have been able to think of something and it has appeared."

During one trance, Maria Marchellino manifested a fist-sized rock. The stone suddenly dropped from the ceiling and shattered a vase on a table near the young girl. "It was strangely warm—almost hot," declared a witness. "There was a smoldering, sulphurous scent in the room."

Without any apparent effort or attempt at trickery, the Italian medium has produced a table, a chair and other furniture in a locked room. "She was placed in an empty room. The shades were drawn and Maria went into a trance," a witness reported. "A reporter locked the door. He opened it after two hours. Maria was asleep on a couch. A chair and a table was *also* in the room."

Although many mediums require total darkness during their trances, the young Italian girl can conjure a blazing bonfire in normal light. "Her eyes seem to focus on a point in the room," explained Dr. Scaffo. "Then—miraculously—a misty blue flame starts and grows to a fiery blaze!"

A considerable controversy has swirled around the

young girl's incredible talents. Clergymen, scientists and parapsychologists have faltered in their frantic efforts to prove that her talents are the result of artifice.

"They have to be a trick—or we must start again to rewrite the science books," snapped one perplexed professor. "Science does not recognize the powers of the supernatural or the occult. There must be a logical explanation."

The Enigma of Déjà Vu

George Miller, a factory laborer, moved north from Alabama in 1958; he had always wanted to visit the historic 'Big Sky' country of Montana. His wife and their two teen-aged daughters scrimped on the family budget and saved funds for the vacation. The Chicago family embarked on a three-week trip westward in June, 1968.

"We had never been west of Chicago," Miller related. "It was a pleasant trip until we reached Billings, Montana. My wife had a headache and I mentioned a drug store located around the corner. She wondered how I knew a drug store was there.

"I turned the corner. There sat an old-fashioned drug store, as I knew it would be. I felt I had been inside the store before. I said there would be a soda fountain and I described the exact interior of the store."

George Miller felt he had been in the drug store before. "I can't explain it," he added.

Déjà vu is a french term for the universal feeling that we have previously been in a situation or circumstance and we are reliving the event again.

Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, believed the phenomena was created by unconscious fantasies. Psychiatrist Carl Jung attributed *Déjà vu* to the collective subconscious of mankind. Some psychic researchers believe it involves a transposition of time.

Eugene Guccione, an associate editor with *Chemical Engineering* magazine, has announced a possible physiologic solution to this world-wide mystery. "It is entirely dependent upon neural misfirings of impulse waves from the eyes to the brain," Guccione stated.

The theory is based on an impulsive wave from one eye reaching the brain before the wave from the other eye. When the slow impulse reaches the brain, the first

impulse has been recorded and stored in the memory a milli-second earlier. Presumably, this accounts for the feeling of "having been here before."

Parapsychologists retort that *Déjà vu* frequently involves hidden memories, which involve smell, hearing and other senses. Guccione's theory would not explain George Miller's experience.

ESP Revived a Dead Mother

Mrs. Robert Wilson, thirty-four, had been weak and frail since a childhood disease caused permanent damage to her heart. At about 1:30 p.m. on the afternoon of January 24, 1968, the suburban Los Angeles housewife left her six-year-old daughter, Marilyn, with a neighbor. "I'll be gone about an hour," Mrs. Wilson explained. "I've had severe pains in my heart area; I have an appointment for a medical check-up."

An hour later, the young mother collapsed in her doctor's office. She was clinically dead, according to her physician, but he launched a seemingly fruitless attempt to revive his patient. Blood pressure was maintained and oxygen was fed to the body to prevent brain damage. Frantic doctors and nurses massaged and stimulated her lifeless heart.

After fifteen minutes of "clinical death," Mrs. Wilson opened her soft brown eyes. She looked directly into the face of her worried doctor. "She's saved," he sighed, limply.

"There was a tightening around my heart," related Mrs. Wilson later. "I seemed to slip out of my body and float above the room. I watched the doctors work over my body. There was a strong cloud pulling me toward darkness. I started to float away."

Mrs. Wilson heard a sudden cry of anguish. "Not yet, mama! Not yet!"

"I heard my daughter so clearly that I fought against the force pulling me away," Mrs. Wilson continued. "I fought desperately to return to my daughter."

After her recovery from the dreadful attack, Mrs. Wilson was informed of her daughter's unusual actions. At the approximate time when Mrs. Wilson heard her child's cry, neighbors testified the child had dropped a

doll and screamed, "Not yet, Mama! Not yet!" Stunned neighbors were unable to calm the distraught girl.

"ESP can cross the boundaries of life and death," Mrs. Wilson declared. "I would have died if Marilyn's mental message had not caused me to fight for life."

The Bizarre Beauty Who Sees the Future

With sparkling blue eyes, a bouffant styled blonde hairdo and crackling nervous energy, Louise Proctor is scarcely the popular portrait of a prophetic clairvoyant. Yet, the slender housewife from suburban Atlanta, Georgia, has demonstrated an amazingly accurate ability to forecast the future.

"I don't use a crystal ball or anything like that," Louise explained in a soft southern drawl. "I look into a glass of water and a picture forms. It is like looking at the future on a tiny television screen."

The southern seeress has no desire to commercialize her strange talent. "I'm happy as a housewife and mother," she declared.

Mrs. Proctor forecast these predictions of the future:

☆ California is endangered by the possibility of a massive earthquake. ("I saw a picture of tall buildings toppling in Los Angeles," she proclaimed. "Thousands of people fled from the city. It is a recurring vision, which indicates it will happen very soon.")

☆ The United States will be forced to devaluate the dollar within the next four years. ("There is much discussion on devaluation that is not publicized," she announced. "Inflation is a dangerous threat to our nation.")

☆ Mexico, Guatemala, Panama and "other South American countries" will be rocked by revolution during the next two years.

☆ An attractive young man will rise to power in Russia during the next four years. His leadership will heal the wounds between our nations.

☆ ESP and mental telepathy will become major means of communication between astronauts and "receivers" on earth.

☆ The United States will shortly unveil a secret weapon

that can penetrate stone walls by sound waves and destroy the brain.

☆ Revelations of past dishonesty and deceit will be revealed in Washington, D.C., in the next two years. Many prominent politicians will be disgraced when their misdeeds are known by the public.

Spirit from Beyond the Grave

It was high noon in Joplin, Missouri, on March 15, 1876, when Frank Goodwin settled down to his desk in a hotel room. He had decided to write out his sales orders before he walked downstairs for lunch. He lit a cigar and started to write.

Several minutes passed when, slowly, the traveling salesman felt the hair rise on his body. "I was conscious of someone being in the room with me. I knew that was impossible," he related later. "I turned to my left and my eyes widened as I found myself looking directly into the face of my dead sister."

Goodwin called out his sister's name. The apparition disappeared.

Trembling, he pinched his wrist. He was awake; the experience was not a dream. The startled salesman wrote a description of the eerie incident immediately.

"My sister appeared as if she were alive," he wrote. "Her eyes sparkled with life and looked directly at me. Her face was very life-like. I saw a bright red line or scratch on the right side of her face. The scratch was very distinct."

Upon his return to his home, Frank Goodwin informed his parents of the experience. His mother broke into tears when she read the notes about the noon day visitor.

"No one except me knew about that scratch," sobbed the mother. "We were preparing your sister's body for burial when her face was scratched. I removed every trace of the mark by carefully powdering her face. I have never mentioned this to anyone before today. It had to be your sister's spirit in that hotel room."

The strange apparition is one of the best case histories of return from the beyond in the files of American pyschical research. In the intervening years, no one has explained the Missouri mystery.

Elberfeld's ESP Equines

Wilhelm Von Osten of Elberfeld, Germany, believed in the extra-sensory powers of horses. "Animals are dumb simply because they have not been educated," the unusual animal trainer told everyone.

When Von Osten was bequeathed a small inheritance, he purchased a young, handsome Russian stallion. "You will be called Clever Hans," Von Osten told his protegé. "I will teach you enough knowledge to astonish the professors."

Von Osten trained Clever Hans by rote. A single object was placed on a table and Von Osten taught Hans to tap "one." Within a month, the stallion was counting to four. Von Osten taught the animal to understand figures on a blackboard. Thousands of people traveled to Elberfeld to see the remarkable stallion perform seemingly miraculous feats.

Professor E. Clarapede of the University of Geneva tested Clever Hans for several weeks. "The stallion knew how to read . . . could do mathematical problems in cube roots and had an extraordinary memory. He performed the tasks of an intelligent 14-year-old schoolboy."

Professor Clarapede noted that the Elberfeld stallion was possibly endowed with ESP. Clever Hans was always correct when he tapped out an answer instantly. "When he hesitated, he was generally wrong," the professor stated. People endowed with ESP work in this same general pattern. The professor's theory was further strengthened when the horse frequently answered questions before they were voiced.

Clever Hans grew more proficient and his fame spread. He became the center of a swirling scientific controversy. Some observers branded Von Osten and his educated equine as "a fake." Others were not so certain. "A

committee of learned professors should test the animal," Clarapede suggested.

A committee examined Clever Hans for five weeks. The group included eminent professors of pyschology, zoology, physiology, and medicine. These scholars were accompanied by two cavalry officers, an animal trainer, and three veterinarians. Their conclusion: "Hans is either a smart horse or it is a very clever fraud."

Von Osten was embittered. He exploded after the 1904 investigation. "You tested Hans for weeks and then you refuse to make a conclusion," he shouted.

Newspapers insisted a second committee be formed to test the animal. The second group was headed by Oskar Pflungst, a Berlin psychologist who later wrote a book entitled *Clever Hans* in 1908. Herr Pflungst declared Hans was as dumb as any horse. "He obeys complicated signs from Von Osten," wrote the professor, not realizing that responding to such signals would require an equally keen intelligence.

Von Osten desperately tried to obtain an unbiased study of his Clever Hans. No one was interested. The trainer died in 1909, at the age of seventy-one, an exasperated, lonely man.

Karl Krall, a wealthy manufacturer, was given Clever Hans. Von Osten's notes were also bequeathed to Krall. The patient manufacturer purchased two Arabian stallions, Zarif and Muhamed, as companions to Clever Hans. He trained the trio using the directions left by Von Osten.

The trio of trained Elberfeld horses drew thousands of visitors. They tapped out answers to complicated problems. Scores of famed European professors traveled again to the little town to witness and wonder.

"In an effort to prevent cries of fraud, Herr Krall trained a blind stallion named Breto," a professor recalled. "Breto proved there could not be secret visual signals to the horses."

Herr Krall wrote down his remarkable methods for training the Elberfeld stallions. The book was published in 1912. Several important zoologists supported Herr

Krall's contention that Wilhelm Von Osten was correct in his belief of latent mental power in animals.

The belief in educated animals died with the Elberfeld stallions. No one since then has investigated possible ESP intelligence in horses.

Egypt's Ancient Mental Wizard

The scene was ancient Egypt, in the year 3756 B.C. The place was the luxurious palace of King Cheops, founder of the fourth dynasty, and builder of the greatest pyramid at Gizeh. The subject was an alleged sorcerer.

"He claims to be a wonder worker," said an excited prince. "Animals do what he commands."

King Cheops caressed the arms of his golden throne with his veined and gnarled hands. "Is this magician any better than my own wizards?" he inquired. "Bring him forth to glory or death."

The palace guards returned with a tall, thin man who walked confidently toward the king.

"What do they call you?" Cheops asked.

"Tchatcha-em-ankh. I hold influence over animals," replied the sorcerer.

The pharaoh grinned. "Can you tame any beast?"

"Yes. Dogs, cattle, chickens—almost any animal," Tchatcha-em-ankh replied.

"Any animal, eh?" The king clapped his hands. A large, hungry Numidian lion stalked into the throne room. Wide-eyed guards ringed the king with spear-tipped protection. "Tame that beast, wizard," the king challenged.

Tchatcha-em-ankh ungirded a belt around his waist. The golden buckle glistened as he dangled the object before the lion and moved it slowly to and fro. Moments later, the wizard stroked the lion's mane. The animal purred. "Does this please my king?" he inquired.

The Egyptian "sorcerer" had performed history's first recorded hypnotic demonstration. An account of the fascinating performance appears in the Westcar papyrus, which is preserved in the British museum. Pharaoh Cheops ordered the wizard's feats to be recorded for all posterity.

Mental Message for Help

It was a quiet afternoon as Mrs. Frank Willis of Chicago, Illinois, bathed, set her hair, and laid on the living room couch to rest. She planned to read until her husband returned from his afternoon walk. It was customary for the retired machinist to walk along the lake shore each afternoon.

It was approximately 2:00 p.m. on July 1, 1951, when Mrs. Willis was gripped by an incomprehensible fear. Her husband's anguished voice pierced her mind.

"I'm dying. I'm dying," he screamed.

Mrs. Willis was stunned by the sickening realization that her husband was in some unknown danger. She dressed hurriedly and rushed from the apartment, desperately repressing the dreadful vision that formed in the recesses of her distraught mind. She could envision her husband slipping beneath the choppy waves of lake water.

As she neared the lake, Mrs. Willis saw a crowd clustered at the edge of the beach.

"I knew it was my husband," she related. "I knew he had drowned."

Dreadful Dream of Disaster

Mrs. Helen Peters awoke with a grievous premonition of disaster at her Elizabeth, New Jersey, home on the morning of October 13, 1967. Her vivid dream of disaster occurred at approximately the same time her husband, Nicholas, and daughter, Mrs. Anna Harbstreet, were killed in the crash of a British-Cypriot jet liner. The plane had plunged into the Mediteranean Sea.

Mrs. Peters immediately telephoned the airline. "Nothing has happened," she was informed.

Less than an hour later, the airline telephoned Mrs. Peters. "Word has arrived that the Comet liner went down in the sea," a representative stated. "All 66 persons aboard the craft are presumed dead."

Dreadful Message of Assassination

Small, bearded and an ardent believer in spiritualism, Charles Guiteau claimed the voices entered his mind when he was thirty-eight years old. "I have been chosen for a special mission," the stoop-shouldered, lopsided fanatic proclaimed. His dark eyes burned with an insane intensity when he talked about "the voices in my mind."

On July 1, 1881, Guiteau lurked in the Baltimore and Potomac railroad station when President James A. Garfield and his secretary of State, James Blaine, entered the depot waiting room. Guiteau stepped behind the two men, drew a .44 caliber British Bulldog revolver and shot President Garfield in the back. Presidential guards quickly hustled the smiling, dark-skinned marksman to jail. Guiteau started to write his memoirs less than two hours after the shooting.

Garfield was rushed to the White House. Doctors discovered the bullet was lodged deep behind his pancreas. An operation would be impossible. The president lingered throughout a terrible summer and died on September 19, 1881.

At his trial, the assassin claimed the "voices" had urged him to kill. The crazed fanatic strutted around the courtroom, swore at the judge, screamed at the prosecutors, and basked in the publicity given to his antics.

A weary jury sentenced the assassin to die on June 30, 1882. On the morning of his hanging, Guiteau rose early to shine his shoes. To the end, he insisted the voices compelled him to kill the president.

Regimus Weiss, a Philadelphia psychic investigator, met Charles Guiteau before the fatal assassination. Weiss believed the voices and visions in Guiteau's dark mind were possibly created by some hypnotic influence. "He

was a man possessed," Weiss wrote. ". . . a man who had lost his will."

It has been proven that a hypnotized subject will commit crimes if the act is not against his moral principles. Was Charles Guiteau a demented fanatic, or a pitiful pawn in some gigantic conspiracy?

A Dream Located the Drowned Man

On May 17, 1963, businessman John Pflovk of Modesto, California was drowned in the Tuolumne river when his boat capsized. A search for the body went on for several months without success.

On Thursday night, August 29, Sheriff Miller Sardella retired to bed. Sheriff Sardella had been involved in the three-month-long search for the drowned man. He slept fitfully and dreamt the body would be found near the Don Pedro Dam Reservoir Station.

The Sheriff and two deputies searched in the area envisioned in his dream. The body was discovered in the exact location where the lawman had dreamt it would be.

The Man with the IBM Mind

William Klein, an employee of the European Center for Nuclear Research, had barely arrived at his office in Geneva, Switzerland, when a colleague approached his desk.

"I've got another problem," explained Edwin Shaw. "What is 1,211,978,765 multiplied by 8,793,437,821?"

Klein's brow furrowed in deep concentration. He reached for a sheet of paper and a pencil and quickly wrote a long row of numbers across the sheet. It would require a computer several minutes to complete the long mathematical problem, yet William Klein's phenomenal mind produced a correct answer in seconds.

"Klein has a computer mind," a spokesman for the atomic energy center explained. "He multiplies five-figure numbers in seconds. He can multiply two ten-figure sets in less than a minute." The mathematical wizard also subtracts and divides equally as fast, and does complicated logarithms, roots and factors in a few seconds.

"I don't have any special secrets," Klein told newsmen recently. "I memorized the multiplication tables up to 100, prime numbers to 10,000 and squares up to 1,000 by 1,000. In addition, I learned by rote all types of odd facts and mathematical principles."

Klein's fellow workers rely on his phenomenal talent when a complicated mathematical problem requires computer-like precision. "There isn't a computer available that can equal William's ability," his co-workers boasted.

Australia's Puzzling PSI Phenomena

No matter what their colleagues may think, certain anthropologists are convinced that the backwoods bushmen of Australia have phenomenal ESP ability. These primitive tribesmen are capable of transmitting ideas, thoughts and feelings to persons located many miles away. "These people are a throwback to the Stone Age," remarked Dr. Henry Allen, an anthropologist who studied their puzzling psi phenomena. "They have retained extra-sensory perception that modern man has lost."

Sydney University psychologist Lyndon Rose discovered the Bushmen averaged an incredible fifty percent accuracy in dice-throwing tests. In another test, a cigarette was placed in a sealed box. Three bushmen declared the box contained "tobacco and paper."

Ten natives were chosen at random to participate in another test. A cigarette holder was placed in a box. Nine of the amazing aborigines promptly described the precise length, shape, color and size of an object they had never seen before.

Anthropologist A.P. Elkin from Sydney University also conducted tests among these bushmen. They explained their ESP talent to Dr. Elkin: "Thoughts cannot be seen but they can be sent flying through the air like birds!"

Doctors who moved through the Bushman's territory reported that their arrivals and departures from villages were never announced by messenger, drums, or smoke signals. "Yet, when we arrived at the next village, the bushmen knew exactly where we had been and the purpose of our visit," reported one psychologist.

Perhaps, with more study, the primitive psi talents of the aborigines can be combined with the mental skills of today's growing population of geniuses.

"There may be more to the old wives' tales of witchcraft and sorcery than we will admit," declared one anthropologist.

The Mental Mastery of the World's First Hippie

"Railroad Jack—The Highbrow Hobo" was a strange character in his rumpled blue serge suit flecked with the dust of his travels. His mischievous eyes twinkled as he mounted his soapbox and challenged any citizens to a game of mental mastery on the street corners throughout the nation.

"Ask me any question. Ask me, ask me!" he yelled. "If I answer correctly, you owe me a nickel. Stump me and I pay a dollar."

Crowds quickly gathered around the little man. A pudgy businessman held up a nickel. "What happened in 1842?" he inquired.

Railroad Jack smirked. "That'll cost you five cents, my friend! 1842 was the year that William James was born. Charles Darwin was 33. Twenty-three year old Queen Victoria sat on the throne of England. A bunch of English poets were radicals and they hounded poor old William Wordsworth because he was so conservative in his work. Abe Lincoln was 33 and he married Mary Todd, who was 23. Any more questions, buddy?"

Railroad Jack was born on November 27, 1864, in St. Louis, Missouri, and started life as Henry D. Cooper. He graduated from high school in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. His restless temperament clashed with the accepted customs and he wandered the country as a "tramp newspaperman." He by-lined his stories as "Railroad Jack" and eventually adopted the name.

In 1895, Railroad Jack was 31 years old. He set up his office on a street corner soap-box to challenge all comers in a contest of knowledge. He hoboed, rode the rails, and hitch-hiked when automobile travel became widespread.

A man with an incredible memory, he sponged up

knowledge and dispensed instant information for the low price of five cents. A vaudeville agent once offered the eccentric expert a $5,000 contract to tour a theatrical circuit. "Absolutely not! I won't be subsidized!" the little man shouted.

Between tours, Railroad Jack lived in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and devoured the books in the library at the University of Michigan. "I know more than you do," he taunted students. "And it will cost you a nickel to prove me wrong!"

With his nickel fees for phenomenal memory feats, Railroad Jack could not afford hotel rooms. He traveled with a self-made hammock which he called his "fresh air bedroom." He carried the "bed" in a small bag which was lettered "Railroad Jack—World's Champion Memory Expert on All Things."

"Do you have any friends," he was asked, frequently.

"Absolutely not," snapped the highbrow hobo. He boasted he ate one meal at noon and another at midnight, never bathed and didn't believe in wearing socks.

Despite his eccentric habits, Railroad Jack was known throughout the nation for his keen mind and powerful memory. He claimed there were no tricks to his unusual trade. "I have never worked with memory boosters of any kind," he proclaimed. "It is hard work. I read a lot and always take notes."

The little man was also one of the world's greatest snobs. Auto magnate Henry Ford met Railroad Jack in Detroit's Cadillac Square. Ford begged the memory expert to visit his mansion. Jack refused and it required several more invitations before he visited the millionaire. It also required several years for Ford to convince Jack to accept an automobile as a gift.

The world's first hippie remained a bachelor until his death. "I am not that crazy!" he snorted from his street corner soap-box.

During his declining years, Jack washed dishes in the fraternity house at the University of Michigan. Crowds of students tried to trick the expert with their textbook

knowledge. "I knew that before you were born," the snobbish hobo smirked, as students searched their books for more difficult questions.

At his death in 1933, Railroad Jack willed his body to the University of Michigan. It was his only possession to bequeath. He wrote in his will, "The scientists will study my body and reveal the reasons for my marvelous memory . . ."

However, the university failed to report on Railroad Jack. His career disappeared into the forgotten mists of history, which he had loved so well.

ESP? A remarkable memory? An exceptional scholar? Possibly, the eccentric hobo was all of these and more.

Premonitions of the Pelee Disaster

The deadly little *fer-de-lance* snakes started their great migration on the moonless night of April 18, 1902. The poisonous reptiles crawled over the ancient lava beds around Mt. Pelee, an old volcano, and rapidly wiggled down into the valleys on the island of Martinique.

When the sun rose, thousands of snakes covered the low lands. They wiggled as fast as possible away from the dormant volcano. Frightened natives refused to work when the snakes appeared and whispered of an ominous sign. When night fell again, the natives slipped into the rain forests to see the primitive *obeah* men—voodoo doctors.

Bonfires blazed, jungle drums boomed and the rain forest was filled with the mournful cadence of chanting natives. The snakes knew something. The *obeah* men would discover their secrets. The chanting heightened as the *obeah* grasped the snakes and looked directly into their eyes. Now, they were talking!

The *obeah* men announced the meaning behind the migration of snakes: "There is a bad curse on Mt. Pelee," they proclaimed. "The mountain and the town of St. Pierre will be destroyed."

The natives heeded these warnings and abandoned their primitive homes on the slopes of Mt. Pelee. They carried their posessions on their heads and clogged the roads leading away from the volcano. At approximately the same time, Mrs. C. M. Craig slept in a tourist hotel in St. Pierre. Her sleep was troubled by a terrifying dream: a rain of fire blasted out of Mt. Pelee and threatened the island. Apprehensive, Mrs. Craig told her dream to her husband and insisted they return immediately to their home in New York. They sailed on the *Roraima* a few days after her dream.

Across the world in the transvaal of Africa, a young British officer dreamed a volcanic eruption on a French island would kill 4,000 people. J. W. Dunne, the dreamer, was nagged by his vivid nightmare but there was nothing he could do.

On Thursday, May 8, a white ash began to fall from the volcano. Undeterred by the warnings, Governor-General Mouttet treated the ash as a joke. He appointed a "Scientific Volcano Commission" of professors and army engineers. The Commission quickly concluded there was no cause for alarm. "Mt. Pelee is not dangerous," they reported.

An Italian sea captain thought differently. Captain Marrino LeBoffee was in the St. Pierre harbor, loading sugar aboard his *Orsolina* freighter. For several days, Captain LaBoffee had been overwhelmed with an apprehensive, unknown fear. Somehow, his psychic sickness seemed linked to the volcano.

On the morning of May 7, Captain LeBoffee announced he was sailing from Martinique.

"But, you're only half loaded," protested a shipper.

"Mister, if you don't get off my ship within the hour, I will surely take you with me," the captain answered firmly. A day later, the captain was en route with the *Onsolina* to France; the shipper lay cremated in the ruins of St. Pierre.

Precisely at 7:51 a.m. on the morning of May 8, 1902, Mt. Pelee erupted with an earth-shaking roar. A giant, ugly hole appeared in the side of the mountain like some giant gun barrel aimed at St. Pierre. Moments later, an even greater explosion ripped the volcano. A five-mile wide blast of fiery gas roared down the Roxelane river valley. 40,000 people were instantly cremated by the burning particles that reached a temperature of 1100 degrees. Seventeen of the 18 ships in the harbor were destroyed and the boiling sea water cooked the unfortunate sailors who leaped overboard.

The Mt. Pelee eruption on Martinique was the greatest volcanic disaster of modern times. Visitors to the island

can still see the great white scar marking the gas cloud's route from the volcano to the sea.

"Many people foresaw the disaster," reported a Martinique historian. "Mrs. Craig saved her life and her husband with her dreams. The captain of the *Orsolita* saved his vessel and the crew. Even the old *obeah* men were correct more than three weeks before the eruption. Perhaps disasters are impressed in our minds before they occur."

Prophetic Dream of a Sinking Ship

Uwe Klante, a pottery factory worker from Hamburg, Germany, embarked for a 16-day cruise on the 190-foot freighter, the *Marie Both*. Klante was the only passenger on board when the ship left Hamburg and sailed for Danzig to get a load of coal.

"On the night of June 9, 1967, I had the most vivid nightmare of my life," Klante recalled.

In his nightmare, Klante heard the frightening cries of panicked sailors: "We're sinking! We're sinking!" The 26-year-old German dreamt that he heard the sound of a bellowing foghorn, smelled smoke; he tossed in his bed as he imagined waves of heat pouring into his cabin.

"I dreamed of leaping from my bed and finding the door jammed," Klante related. "Then, still asleep, I opened a 15-inch porthole and jumped into the sea."

Klante awoke when he hit the cold water. "I was thinking how lucky I was to escape. Then I saw the ship was not sinking. It was sailing away. I am not a good swimmer but I made it to a buoy a few hundred yards away."

The pajama-clad swimmer had clung to the cold marker until he was rescued by the crew of the *Steinwahl*, an East German fishing ship. He had been in the sea for almost two hours. Newspaper feature writers around the world had a field day with the man who jumped overboard after dreaming his ship was sinking. Klante returned home to receive a giant dose of chiding from his amused friends. "I vowed never to get aboard another ship. The captain of the *Marie Both* made it quite clear that he would never carry me again," Klante reported.

Fourteen months later, on August 10, 1968, the *Marie Both* sailed through the foggy Baltic Sea. Without warning, the giant Polish freighter, *San*, roared out of the mist. The *San* smashed directly into the *Marie Both*. Fires

flared on both ships. Thirty minutes later, the crew scrambled overboard as the *Marie Both* slid beneath the waves. One seaman went down with the ship when the door of his cabin jammed. Six other crewmen were saved by a Polish rescue launch.

The incredible similarities between Klante's dream and the actual sinking 14 months later were astonishing. Klante's dream and the actual sinking both occurred between 4 and 5 a.m. The single detail missing from Klante's vivid nightmare was the cause of the disaster. "Perhaps I did not 'tune in' fast enough," Klante told newsmen. "I have no doubts that I foresaw the sinking in some way. I never really believed in such things—now it gives me the shivers!"

Dr. Hans Bender, a leading parapsychologist at West Germany's Freiburg University, carefully checked Klante's prophetic nightmare. "This is one of the best documented prophetic dreams I have ever studied," he stated. "Details of the dream were printed several months before the ship sank. I have been impressed with the many parallels between the dream and the real disaster."

The Man Who Read a Judge's Mind

Judge Otto Rasalsky glanced over the legal documents in his General Sessions Courtroom in New York. It was a warm afternoon on June 29, 1915, and Judge Rasalsky was to judge the appeal of W. Bert Reece, convicted in a lower court for fortunetelling on the street.

The jurist cleared his throat and looked directly at an elderly man who approached the bench. "I have little patience with such foolishness as fortunetelling," the judge announced, sternly. "It is for fools."

The old man looked like a fat puppet carved out of bleached wood and his eyes were like two black seeds pressed into gray dough. "I ask only that you let me demonstrate my ability," the little old man begged. "Write something on a sheet of paper, fold the sheet and press the paper against my forehead."

The judge smiled indulgently. "And, I suppose, you will tell me what I have written."

"Yes, your Honor," Reece replied. "And, perhaps more than that."

Spectators in the courtroom leaned forward expectantly as the judge scribbled two notes on his legal pad. Moments later, the judge folded the sheets and pressed them against the old man's forehead.

W. Bert Reece closed his dark eyes in deep concentration. "You asked how much money you have in the bank," he croaked. "You have $15. You wrote the name of one of your old schoolteachers on the other sheet."

Judge Rasalsky's jaw dropped with wonder. "You are absolutely correct," he admitted. "Case dismissed."

Judge Rasalsky was just one of many prominent people who were mystified by the mind reading ability of Bert Reece. Born in Prussia in 1841, the gimlet-eyed mentalist mystified Thomas A. Edison, President Warren Harding

and President Woodrow Wilson. No one could explain Reece's astonishing powers. Reece died in Germany in 1926. The eighty-five-year-old mentalist carried his closely guarded secret to the grave. Many claim the pot-bellied psychic was king of the mentalists.

The Phantom Lover Who Courted the Widow

The amorous advances of a horrible apparition drove an attractive widow and her children from their home in Pretonia, South Africa. Thirty-nine-year old Mrs. Anna De La Ravera moved into a new house in November, 1967. Almost immediately, her home was disturbed by a series of unusual happenings. Crude crosses appeared mysteriously on bedroom doors. Strange pieces of bloody, raw meat were discovered in odd corners of the bedrooms.

In March, 1968, the harassed housewife returned from her weekly grocery shopping. A figure clad in gray clothes sat on her front porch. "It was a man," she said, later. "As I approached, he rose from the chair and walked into the house through a closed door!"

That night, the figure suddenly walked through the bedroom walls and pulled the covers from the sleeping woman's bed. "Then he bent down and tried to kiss me," the widow shuddered. "I was almost frightened to death. He was covered with long strands of dirty, unkept hair. He grabbed at me with his hands. I could almost feel his dirty, claw-like fingernails digging into my flesh."

The unfortunate widow slept with the lights on after this unnerving midnight experience. However, bright lights did not deter the amorous apparition. "He visited my bedroom and moaned and groaned," she said. "Once, he threatened to murder me if I did not become his sweetheart."

Although her two sons could not see the strange suitor, the widow's three-year-old daughter claimed to have seen the ghost. "He's gonna bite me," the child told authorities.

Distraught and desperate, the sleepless widow appealed to the Pretonia City Council for protection. The family

secured new housing and the leering lover apparently remained at their former home.

Few women are brave enough to visit South Africa's "haunted house." "A group of teen-aged girls tried to stay there one night," a neighbor reported. "They ran screaming from the house shortly after midnight. They swore an ugly thing tried to kiss them."

Psi researchers have concluded that in some undetected manner, certain individuals may be capable of "tuning in" on spirits from beyond the grave. "The folklore of every race and every civilization is crammed with accounts of ghostly visitors," the investigators stated. "Perhaps the widow's horrible visitor was such a case."

The Businessman's Strange Nightmare

Julius Dittman, the owner of Dittman's House of Television in Cleveland, Ohio, stirred in his sleep on the night of April 4, 1956. The businessman's mind was focused on a nightmarish scene in a dream. Dittman had been worried for some time by an eight-story parking garage which was located next to his appliance store. As he tossed and turned, Dittman dreamed the garage crashed onto his building and destroyed his merchandise.

Dittman's thoughts lingered on the strange dream when he awakened. On the following morning, he drove directly to the office of his insurance agent. "It might just be a nightmare, but I would like to be protected if my business is closed," Dittman explained.

"A business interruption plan will solve your problem," the agent said. A $120,000 insurance policy was delivered to Dittman on the afternoon of April 6.

On the morning of April 7, a heavy snowstorn struck Cleveland. Strong winds lashed the city. The garage building suddenly sagged perilously over Dittan's building. The police roped off the intersection at Ontario Street and Huron Road. Dittman was advised to abandon his store.

The store was never reopened. Julius Dittman and his son, Bernard, returned home with the comforting knowledge that the insurance company would pay them for the loss of their business.

"It was really some dream," the smiling businessman told newsmen.

The Man Who Hypnotizes Movie Stars

Arthur Ellen, a Los Angeles hypnotist, has helped many famous entertainers to banish the fears which threatened their careers. "I convince people they can do the things they believe they can't do," Ellen explained. "There is really nothing supernatural or uncanny about hypnosis."

A former vaudeville and nightclub entertainer, Arthur Ellen performed his hypnotism act at a San Francisco hotel several years ago. One of the subjects selected from the audience was a thin, young Negro who entered a trance quickly.

"Tell him to sing and not be self-conscious," a woman whispered from the audience.

Ellen implanted the suggestion in his subject. The band played a popular tune and singer Johnny Mathis performed for the first time before an audience of strangers. Mathis went from there to a skyrocketing professional career.

In Pittsburg, Ellen hypnotized a young bank teller during a stage show. Following a hypnotic suggestion, the young man delivered an astonishingly accurate imitation of singer Tony Bennett. Even the inflections of Bennett's voice and gestures were uncannily correct. The subject was Frank Gorshin, who was signed to a contract by Ellen's agent. Gorshin is now billed as the world's greatest impressionist and television viewers remember his appearances on the "Batman" show as "The Riddler."

Pianist Liberace compulsively struck the same wrong note whenever he played a certain composition by Paderewski. Ellen placed the pianist in a light hypnotic trance and discovered he had struck the wrong note during a lesson in his youth. The cruel teacher had predicted young Liberace would be a failure. Liberace laughed when he discovered the reason behind the error. Since

then, he has played the piece with his usual adept precision.

Actor Tony Curtis was fearful of flying when he came to hypnotist Ellen for aid. A trance brought forth the memory of several nerve-shaking air flights. Under suggestion, Curtis was able to fly again and later purchased a private plane and took flying lessons.

Emotional tension can create a sudden, unexplained vocal paralysis for tensed-up entertainers. The Los Angeles hypnotist has cured emotional laryngitis for Teresa Brewer, Dennis Day, Vic Damone, Harry Belafonte, Tony Martin, Jimmy Durante and others.

Besides his star-studded clientele, hypnotist Arthur Ellen has helped many other people conquer the fears that plague their lives. "I give people confidence in their own ability," he stated.

Vision of a Lake of Gold

It was a warm evening in Silverton, Colorado, on July 18, 1875, when groups of grizzled gold miners, prospectors and mining claim owners assembled in the town hall. The group stared with startled amazement when Edward Ennis, dressed in fancy Eastern clothes, walked to the front of the room and made his announcement.

"I am buying up all claims in the Cunningham Gulch area of the San Juan Mountains," Ennis said in a thick Scottish brogue. "I am also hiring miners at good wages. Money is on deposit in the Denver banks and I will pay every Friday."

A bearded prospector arose from the group. "The boys asked me to speak for them, Mr. Ennis. We like to be sure a man's money is good, and—"

"I can assure you that I'm no English highwayman," Ennis smiled indulgently. "I inherited a fortune from my family in Scotland."

"What makes you so sure there's gold there?"

"I paid $50,000 to a fortuneteller in New York," Ennis replied. "She drew me a map."

The prospector ignored the snickering laughter of his companions when one announced, "Mr. Ennis, I think we will be right proud to take your money!"

Working from the clairvoyant's map that supposedly pinpointed a "mountain of gold," Edward Ennis drove a tunnel deep into the mountains. The town laughed at the "crazy dude" and his "messages" from the clairvoyant in the East.

Periodically, letters in plain envelopes arrived from New York. Ennis was alerted to new directions in which to dig. The tunnel zigged, zagged and by-passed three promising silver veins. "You're going too low; dig higher," a telegram instructed.

Ennis was in New York to receive personal instructions from the mysterious woman when he wired his mine foreman. "Watch for water. Move all equipment to a safe place and be certain all workers can escape."

An eyewitness recounted what happened next in an article published years later in The Denver Times edition of July 10, 1901. "A day after we received the telegram, the sound of the drills indicated we were nearing a cave. We broke through and a wall of water poured into the tunnel and filled it. The water had a current of air in front of it. We jumped on an ore car and rolled like a whirlwind to escape drowning," the miner declared. "After that, the whole town had a new respect for Edward Ennis and his spirit directions."

The digging continued for ten years. By 1885, Ennis had spent $750,000 and had a twisting tunnel extending a mile beneath the earth. Then, tragedy struck. The New York bank collapsed. Edward Ennis was suddenly broke.

The insolvency left the ex-millionaire also broke in mind and body. His mind jumped to and fro over the borders of insanity. He died on a train to New York, mumbling feverishly about a "quick way to the gold."

In 1901, Mrs. Mary Murrel bought up the mining property for a group of financiers. The mine was opened and an additional 600 feet of tunnel was blasted under the mountain. The miners struck pay dirt.

The rest of the story is mining history. The "Highland Mary" strike produced millions in gold, silver, zinc and copper ore. Even more remarkable, the clairvoyant had mapped her "lake of gold" at the precise point where the strike was made. She had envisioned the fabulous riches a quarter of a century before they were discovered.

The secret of who directed Ennis—and her methods—died with the Scottish financier.

The Phantom That Saved Three Lives

In 1940, Adolf Hitler launched his powerful German Luftwaffe in the bloody "blitz" against Britain. Hundreds of German bombers roared across the English channel in daylight raids against British civilians. The thundering, brutal assault brought untold death and destruction raining down on London.

On the evening of September 7, 1940, Mrs. Ann Potter and her elderly mother wearily returned to their London apartment. They had huddled for six hours in the damp darkness of a bomb shelter while the German bombers pounded the city.

At the top of the stairs, Mrs. Potter searched for her apartment key. "At least the Germans allow us to sleep at night," she muttered. Fatigue edged her voice.

Suddenly, a "whoosh" sound echoed in the dark hallway. "I turned and saw a blurred figure materialize near me," Mrs. Potter explained. "It had long, uncombed hair flowing down over a dirty white robe. I was frightened even more when a death's head materialized."

"Do . . . not . . . enter . . . the . . . apartment," intoned the ghoulish phantom. "Return . . . to . . . the . . . shelter." There was another loud noise, described as "something whooshing," and the phantom vanished.

The two frightened women dashed downstairs to the apartment of an aged pensioner. Elderly Fletcher Gibson tried unsuccessfully to calm the women. At last, he agreed to accompany the distraught women to the air raid shelter. "You know the Germans never bomb at night," he insisted, as they reached the shelter.

That night, Hitler's bombers hit London with a surprise aerial attack. Thousands of buildings and homes were destroyed in the night raid. The apartment house where the Potters and Gibson resided was reduced to rubble

when a bomb scored a direct hit on the structure. "I don't understand it," answered Mrs. Potter. "But the phantom's warning saved our lives."

Mrs. Potter's phantom with the prophetic warning will remain an enigma until science unlocks the puzzling secrets of extra-sensory perception.

Japan's Incredible Idiot Genius

Kyoshi Yamashita is a living riddle. Dull-witted, childish and mentally retarded, the Tokyo slum child was placed in a school for mentally retarded children when he was 12 years old. Although he had no artistic background, Yamashita dabbled with finger paints and produced paintings that astonished artists and art authorities.

As his talent developed, the youth became quite skilled in painting with oils and water colors. An Osaka theater had a Yamashita painting woven into a large curtain at a cost of $30,000. When an exhibition of his works was shown by a Japanese department store, more than 200,000 fans flocked to the gallery. "Magazine editors fight for one of his paintings to put on their covers," reported a Japanese psychiatrist. "A book containing several of his works is a best seller. He has the largest following of any Japanese artist."

Now 34 years old, Yamashita is supervised by a government-appointed guardian. Except for his artistic ability, he requires careful supervision. "Sometimes he does not dress properly," smiled the psychiatrist. "On occasion, he has walked out into the streets without his trousers."

When Yamashita wanders away from his guardian, he roams through the city, begs for food and paints his pictures for anyone who befriends him.

"He is an 'Idiot-savant,' a living riddle and a tremendous challenge to science," declared Dr. Ryuzaburo Shikiba, one of Japan's foremost psychiatrists. "He has artistic talent and very little else."

Twins with the Mental Radio

Among the most unexplained elements of ESP are numerous cases where twins communicate by some form of mental telepathy. In the 1880's, twin sisters in Philadelphia were often in direct mental communication with each other although they were physically miles apart. This mental link appeared to work best when there was a possibility of death or disaster.

Mrs. Mathilde Leibrand and Mrs. Elizabeth Warner were almost identical in appearance. "I have to listen to their voices to tell the girls apart," their mother admitted. There was also an amazing similarity in their fingerprints. Once, an expert required many hours to detect a subtle difference in their thumb prints.

The twins were ten years old on March 12, 1888, when a swirling blizzard covered Philadelphia with heavy snow drifts. One of the girls had spent the day visiting at her grandmother's home. The family assumed the child would remain overnight and not attempt to return home during the raging storm.

The twin at home was preparing for bed when a terrible vision flashed in her mind. "She's dying in a snowbank. Liz has been trying to get home," she insisted to her parents. "You've got to go help her."

The adults were concerned by the child's pleas. In order to dispel the young girl's fears, a group of neighbors set out into the storm. They had gone only a short distance when Elizabeth's freezing body was found in a snowbank. A few moments more and the child would have been killed by the storm's freezing fury.

A few years later, on July 30, 1896, Liz was a passenger on a train involved in a Bridgeton, N. J. rail disaster. Mathilde knew of the accident from the exact moment of the wreck. "Liz has been in a train wreck but she's

safe," she informed her family. The vision proved true.

On another occasion, Mrs. Warner was shopping in a large department store on a hot, summery day. The young woman became overwhelmed by the heat and fainted. Mrs. Leibrand had remained at home, yet she sensed her sister's need and hurried to the store. Her twin was scarcely conscious when Mrs. Leibrand arrived to accompany her to a hospital.

This mental bond continued throughout their lives. When Mrs. Warner gave birth to a baby boy in an Atlantic City, N. J. hospital, Mrs. Leibrand was more than 100 miles away. Nevertheless, Mrs. Leibrand was tortured by mysterious abdominal pains. A physician was called to aid the woman. "If I didn't know my medicine, I would swear you are suffering from labor pains," the doctor declared.

The mystified physician was unable to ease the pain of his patient, although he worked desperately for almost an hour. Suddenly, Mrs. Leibrand brightened as the strained look vanished from her face. "Liz has just had a baby boy," she announced.

The outraged doctor started to comment on such an absurd notion. His sputtering shouts were interrupted by the telephone's ring. Mr. Warner was on the line, calling from a hospital in Atlantic City. "Liz just had a boy," he announced happily.

Eddie Rickenbacker's ESP Experience

Eddie Rickenbacker's exploits in two world wars are military legends. During World War I, the valiant aviator received the *Croix de Guerre* and the Congressional Medal of Honor for his aerial achievements. Stationed in the Pacific theater during World War II, he survived a grueling 27-day ordeal aboard a tiny raft in the ocean.

Rickenbacker is also a hard-driving, tough-minded businessman who guided Eastern Airlines into one of the nation's largest airlines.

Rickenbacker had possibly never given thought to the unexplained powers of the mind until the night of February 27, 1965. During a vivid dream, Rickenbacker's sleeping mind envisioned a telephone conversation with his brother, Bill, who lived in Detroit, Michigan.

"Things are moving from bad to worse," Rickenbacker heard the unmistakable voice of his brother explain. "Eddie, I'm not going to be around much longer. I wish you would visit me. I would like to say farewell and thank you for what you've done for my family and me."

Rickenbacker awoke suddenly from the dream. It had seemed so life-like and the voice of his brother seemed terribly real. "I considered calling my brother," Rickenbacker related. "However, I decided a night call might alarm his family."

Hours later, Rickenbacker received word that his brother had died very suddenly.

"At the funeral, his wife Margaret informed me that just before my brother passed away, he wanted to telephone me. He wanted me to fly to Detroit so he could say something to me," Rickenbacker reported. "Now, I know that, based on my own experience and many other documented cases, messages can be sent through mental telepathy."

Eddie Rickenbacker's experience is further evidence for the reality of ESP. Perhaps future scientists will map the unexplained reaches of the mind and validate these seemingly unexplainable events.

The Strange Secret to John Wesley's Journal

Deep lines of tormented frustration etched the tired face of Reverend Nehemiah Cornock as he slumped in his chair in his study at Cedar Lodge, Raleigh, England, in 1908. It was long after midnight and the minister removed his steel-rimmed glasses, rubbed his burning eyes and placed another log on the dying fire. He gazed into the blazing fireplace and wondered if there was a solution to his complicated problem.

"I had embarked on the most impossible task of my career," Rev. Cornock reported. "I was trying to unlock the secret of John Wesley's diary."

Wesley, who founded the Methodist church, maintained a journal for many years. But the clergyman's comments were penned in a complicated, almost baffling, code. In the 118 years since his death, many scholars attempted to break it. None had succeeded.

Rev. Cornock was more fortunate than his predecessors. Browsing in a London bookshop one rainy afternoon, he had found John Wesley's personal Bible. His hopes were shattered when he discovered the Bible was annotated in the same undecipherable scrawl.

The grandfather's clock in the hallway tolled two a.m. as Rev. Cornock laid down Wesley's Bible, stoked the fire and waddled off to bed. "There is always tomorrow," he sighed, turning down the gaslight in his bedroom.

However, the minister did not have to wait until morning. He dreamt of a certain page in Wesley's Bible and, as the revelation continued, a voice intoned the secrets of the code.

Reverend Cornock awakened with the memory of the dream flittering in his sleepy mind. "I'll never remember the solution if I wait until morning," he said aloud. He leaped from bed, bare feet tingling on the cold

floor, and dashed to his study. His hands trembled as he turned Wesley's Bible to the page in his dream.

Rev. Cornock stared at the page in the flickering firelight. "The revelation is true," he shouted. "The code is no longer a secret."

In the years that followed, Rev. Cornock translated John Wesley's complicated *Journal* as easily as he read his *London Times*. There were eight volumes of Wesley's *Journal* published between 1909 and 1916. Each book was a testimonial to one of the most amazing dreams in history.

The Scientist Who Studies Astral Projection

Dr. Charles Tart, an assistant professor in the psychology department at the University of California at Davis, has launched pioneering experiments into astral projection. Dr. Tart's laboratory tests indicate some part of the mind may leave the physical body and "fly" to distant places. The results are not yet conclusive.

Astral flight is more than "thinking" about an experience. Some people claim they can "see" their physical body when they leave it. Their minds seem to occupy a second body, which floats to any place in the world they wish to go.

One of Dr. Tart's tests is to place a number, unknown to the subject, on a high shelf. The subject is asked to "float" out-of-body and read the number. In his report to the American Society of Psychical Research, the California professor reported that a young, 20-year-old college co-ed gave the correct number on her fourth night of testing.

This same student also revealed a prophetic dream. She dreamt of walking down a deserted street in another girl's body. Suddenly, she heard footsteps catch up with her. She was attacked and stabbed to death. "It seemed terribly real," she informed Dr. Tart. "I even felt the wool checked skirt she was wearing."

The next morning, a young woman was found stabbed to death in the part of town described in the young co-ed's dream. The murder victim had been wearing a checked skirt.

Dr. Tart is working on a grant from the Parapsychology Foundation of New York City. Written accounts of your experiences in astral projection may be sent to Dr. Charles Tart, Department of Psychology, University of California, Davis, California, 95616.

U. S. Government Will Rule on Witchcraft

The U. S. National Labor Relations Board has been asked to rule on the possibility that witchcraft and sorcery influenced a union election in June, 1968. This unlikely charge resulted from a union election at a General Cigar Co. factory in Puerto Rico in June, 1968. At that time, the International Association of Machinists sought to represent the factory's employees. They won the election by 255 to 222 votes.

However, the company's attorney cried "witchcraft" and "foul" a few months after the election and filed an unprecedented appeal to the NLRB. General Cigar claimed a woman, allegedly hired by the union, carried a bottle of magical potion into the factory on the morning of the election. They said the "witch" used the potion to cast spells over the workers.

The company stated the potion exerted an unusual power over the employees. Some workers "fell terribly ill" when they tried to vote. Others were unable to find the "no union" spot on the ballot. Some claimed they were unable to remember how they voted. The company maintained they were unduly influenced by the sorceress.

General Cigar also submitted a "white paper" with their complaint: ". . . It is an established fact that the belief in witchcraft and sorcery has been an important part of the development of the history and culture of the Western World . . . and Puerto Ricans are traditionally more prone to . . ." these beliefs in witchcraft.

The IAM union greeted the charges with undisguised hilarity. "Our union organizer drove to the plant in his Ford automobile," a spokesman said. "He denies ever riding a broom."

We may yet see the day when union and management

engages in jurisdictional battles with teams of juju practitioners, witches, witch doctors and medicine men! Then, the NLRB examiners will have an even more confusing job.

The Terrific "Talking" Terrier

The whole business started in 1913, when Mrs. Paula Moekal of Mannheim, Germany, scolded her daughter. The child had exasperated her mother by incorrectly adding a simple arithmetic problem.

"You can do better than that," Mrs. Moekal chided. She petted the family's Bedlington terrier. "Rolf, tell her the sum of two and two."

"Mama, don't be silly," the child protested. "Dogs can't add."

The young girl turned to her problems. She felt a gentle tug on her dress. Rolf was tugging at the hem. He barked four times, loudly and wagged his tail.

"Smartie, what is three and three?" the child inquired. Rolf barked six times.

The family was naturally astonished by their pet's uncanny ability to answer problems. Mrs. Moekal worked with the terrier and developed a simple "alphabet." Rolf tapped his paw to indicate numbers or letters in their numerical sequence. "He uses every number and letter except Z, Q, V and X," Mrs. Moekal reported. "He's too stubborn to use those."

Professors Schoeller and Ziegler, of the University of Berlin, heard about Mannheim's puzzling pooch. "Rolf can handle simple arithmetic, addition and subtraction," they concluded after two months of tests. "He has the mental ability of an eleven year old student." Rolf could also count money, distinguish colors and define objects. One afternoon, Dr. Ziegler set a vase of flowers before the dog. "What are those," he inquired.

"Flowers in glass," Rolf tapped.

"What is autumn?" the professor inquired.

"Apple time," the terrier tapped.

Other tests were conducted by several prestigious pro-

fessors from leading universities. They admitted that the dog had exceptional powers but they could not explain it. "Rolf even has a sense of humor," one professor concluded.

The professor had arrived at the Moekal residence one morning, intent on testing Rolf. He was accompanied by a secretary, who was a skeptical middle-aged woman who disliked dogs.

"Oooh, what a pretty puppy," the woman gushed. She gingerly petted Rolf. "Is there anything I can do for such a cute puppy?"

Rolf walked to his "talking" board and tapped a message. It read: "Lady, wag your tail." Monsieur Edmond Duchatel, vice-president of the Societé Universelle d'Études Psychiques de Paris included the amusing incident in his report. He concluded that Rolf was an exceptional animal by any measurement.

Rolf lived to be 15 years old and "talked" until his death. No one ever explained his unusual mind. "Perhaps there is an ESP bond of friendship between man and dogs which transcends the realities of language," one psychologist concluded.

Her Reincarnated Lives from India to Mars

The Helene Smith hypnotic experiments were a sensational excursion into reincarnation in 1894. Professor Theodor Flournoy, a psychologist at the University of Geneva, hypnotised Helene Smith, a young Swiss woman. The professor helped his exceptional subject return into her past lives for more than five years.

The flights through time and space carried Professor Flournoy and Helene Smith back to the French Revolution. Helene reenacted many of the most dramatic moments as royalty fell to the mobs. "I don't want to die! she screamed during one trance. She claimed to be French Queen Marie Antoinette, imprisoned and awaiting her execution!

Even more astonishing facts were dredged up from the mind of the hypnotized girl. Professor Flournoy placed her in a trance one afternoon. "Where are you?" he inquired.

"Home."

"Where is home?"

"With my husband, the prince," Helene replied.

She identified herself as the wife of Prince Sivouki, in the Kanara province of Hindustan. During this hypnotic regression, Helene sang ancient chants, wrote in Sanskrit and frequently scolded her imaginary pet monkey.

As the experiment continued, Professor Flournoy gave free reign to Helene Smith's mind. One excursion lasted several months when Helene claimed to be reincarnated on Mars. She sketched scenes of the planet, drew pictures of strange dwellings and produced a "Martian alphabet" for the professor.

The five years of experiments into reincarnation were recorded in Professor Flournoy's *From India to the Planet Mars*. The book was a controversial best seller,

alternately condemned and acclaimed. The professor's study led to further, equally astonishing, experiments in regression into possible past lives.

They Dowsed a Lost Water Supply

Swampscott, Massachusetts had been rationing water for many years. For almost two decades, the Department of Public Works had used every modern scientific method to locate a lost supply of water. Old timers recalled a bubbling underground spring that had once been tapped, but no one could remember the location.

"We had exhausted every other means when someone suggested that we try dowsing," said Public Works Superintendent Paul Polisson.

Although he was skeptical, Polisson and a group of men decided to dowse one morning in 1963. The group of men were undoubtedly a strange sight—holding the traditional forked twigs in their hands as they wandered around the town.

Less than fifteen minutes after they started, the twig held by "Dutch" Emery dipped down with incredible force. "The twig actually scraped the skin from his thumb," a witness recalled.

A back hoe operator was brought to the site and an iron pipe was unearthed. "The old pipe led to enough spring water to see the town through the worst drought," a town official declared. Twenty years of searching for the lost spring had ended in a few minutes of dowsing.

Science has never been able to explain the power of certain people to locate water by holding a forked twig in their hands. A UNESCO committee announced in 1953, "There is absolutely no doubt that it (dowsing) does exist."

The force behind dowsing lies somewhere in the hidden recesses of our subconscious mind.

The Teen-ager Who Travelled without a Ticket

Mildred Wallace was a normal, healthy sixteen-year-old teen-ager in Birmingham, England, until she was afflicted with a mysterious fever on April 2, 1904. Long nights of feverish sweating caused the young girl to lose weight. She lay like a gaunt skeleton on her sickbed.

The family physician admitted his helplessness. "Her fever is dangerously high. She cannot continue at this rate for many days."

Then, almost miraculously, Mildred seemingly recovered. "I feel fine," she announced, eating a large platter of roast beef. "I'll be back doing the chores in a week."

However, Mildred was stricken by an even more sinister malady. One afternoon, she fell into unconsciousness. Her body tensed rigidly as she murmured. "Lor! Look at the fancy dresses! Ain't those ladies pretty . . ."

When she regained consciousness, Mildred informed her skeptical parents that she had seen the crowds at a racetrack outside of London. Her parents shook their bewildered heads. "The devil has possessed our daughter," Mrs. Wallace wept.

Dr. Benjamin Cooly, the family physician, became intrigued by his patient's references to her mysterious mental trips. "This sounds like 'astral projection'," he declared. "A mind goes forth from the body and 'visits' a place somewhere else in the world."

For two years, the physician and Mildred studied her mysterious affliction. "She is able to visit anyplace on earth . . ." the doctor wrote. ". . . as a test, I left a book on my office desk opened to a certain page. Her spirit travelled out and returned with the exact page number."

Mildred made dozens of mental journeys. She always described accurately the places she had "visited." Although she was tested by dozens of doubting researchers,

each man left with the knowledge that some things span the boundaries of the known.

Suddenly, as quickly as the gift arrived, Mildred was unable to "fly." She resumed a normal life, married and later, seldom discussed her "miraculous mental journeys."

The Fifty Year Dream

Young Adrian Christian awoke suffocating, sickened by the horrible dream images that lingered in his mind. The ten-year-old boy's eyes adjusted to the darkness of his bedroom in his home on the Isle of Man. His brother, Thomas, slept peacefully in the corner bed.

"It was only a bad dream," Adrian whispered to himself. He pulled the thick quilt over his head and fell asleep.

As Adrian Christian grew to manhood, his sleep was disturbed by the recurring dream more times than he cared to remember. Finally, his mother scrawled details of the strange dream in a page of the family Bible. Adrian's dream started in 1830," she wrote. "He dreams that he is captain of a ship. His brother, Thomas, is on another ship that is sinking and Adrian rescues Thomas."

In 1880, Adrian Christian was the captain of a powerful vessel, the *British India*. In the fall of that year, Captain Christian's ship was outbound from Sydney, Australia, to Rangoon, Burma. Christian had made the voyage many times before and his crew were skilled, well-trained seamen.

Shortly after lunch on the afternoon of September 5, a light rain pelted the *British India*. "Lads, this is good sleeping weather," Captain Christian informed his mates. "I'm going below for a nap."

The captain had scarcely fallen asleep in his cabin when the persistent dream returned. He awakened with a vague feeling of unease. That night, as he tossed in his bunk, the dream again edged into his mind. However, a new element was added to the now familiar nightmare. A ghostly point appeared, no bigger than a pin, and moved through the dream. The white-ish substance suddenly

sprang into a ghostly hand. It scrawled the ambiguous word "family" on the blackboard of his mind.

The captain awakened with a start. His mind was filled with an ominous fear and he was overcome with a nagging compulsion to change the course of his ship. Finally, he left his cabin and walked along the darkened deck to the quarters of his mate.

"I want you to swing to and head the ship directly north," Captain Christian heard himself say.

The sleepy-eyed mate stared incredulously. "Those are dangerous waters, man. There are reefs out there that will slash a ship's bottom like a razor slicing an apple."

"Swing to," Christian commanded harshly.

The *British India* altered directions and sailed due north. The crewmen were familiar with this part of the ocean but they grumbled about the captain's strange orders to sail headlong into dangerous waters. A heavy fog had drifted over the ocean during the night and the sailors strained to sight reefs before they rammed the deadly obstructions.

A cry rang out from the ship's lookout. "Ship ahead! She's sinking!"

Dead ahead, panic and hysteria reigned aboard a floundering vessel. Men prayed, women cried and children howled as frantic crewmen struggled to launch lifeboats into the pounding surf.

"She'll be going down fast," an experienced seaman shouted.

"Heave to and get those poor souls aboard," Captain Christian shouted.

The *British India*'s crewmen endangered their own lives to rescue 269 persons from a certain grave. One of the survivors was the ship's master, Captain Thomas Christian! Even stranger, as the vessel slid beneath the waves, the sides gleamed with the ship's name: *Family*.

"I was not surprised," Captain Christian related. "I had seen the scene many times before in my dreams—more than fifty years ago!"

Men with Miracle Memories

A phenomenal memory has always been a fast passport to good grades and an excellent job. And throughout time, men with miraculous memories have left their imprints on history. In ancient Greece, Themistocles was gifted with an exceptional memory. He became a popular politician because he recalled the names of 20,000 citizens in Athens. Seneca remembered 300 long poems. He could recite them backwards or forwards, starting at any given point. And, although his Persian army contained thousands of men, Cyrus The Great called each of his soldiers by their correct name.

English statesman Thomas Maculay was endowed with a phenomenal photographic memory. "He could memorize a complete newspaper page after a single glance," a biographer recorded. "He never forgot anything and could recall entire books, word for word, years after he had read them."

English poet Ben Johnson also remembered all that he had read.

Rev. John Beale, chaplain to Englsh king Charles II, was equally gifted with total recall. "It is a plague rather than a gift," the reverend moaned. "You cannot forget the dullest facts. Your mind becomes cluttered with trash."

Scientists are now studying the brain in an effort to prolong our memories. Students of the future may simply be able to take a "memory pill" before a difficult test.

He Predicted Jackie Kennedy's Wedding

R. C. (Doc) Anderson, the "Georgia Seer" and ESP practitioner, accurately forecast the wedding of Jacqueline Kennedy some two months before the event occurred in October, 1968. In August, 1968, Anderson prepared a list of predictions for the January, 1969, issue of *Saga* magazine. Before the magazine appeared on the newsstands, the world was shocked by the sudden announcement, and subsequent wedding, of Mrs. Kennedy to Greek shipping tycoon Aristotle Onassis.

Anderson, whose office is located at 302 Gordon Avenue, Rossville, Georgia, has been called "the man with the radar mind" by clients who seek his clairvoyant advice.

"When I saw Mrs. Kennedy's photograph in a newspaper or magazine, I had a vision of her in a wedding dress," Anderson confided. "This mental message started in June of 1968, and became quite strong by August when I made my predictions."

Anderson's written predictions were received in the magazine's offices several weeks before the wedding.

The Minister's Prophetic Hymn

As soon as he received the list of hymns from the choir director, the Reverend Charles Morgan posted them on the bulletin board of the Rosedale Methodist Church in Winnipeg, Canada. It was also customary for the minister to retire to his study for a short nap before the evening services, and April 14, 1912 was no exception.

However, the minister's sleep was disturbed by an unusual dream on this evening. The mists of his mind parted and he dreamed of a sorrowful voice singing an old hymn. Terrified screams of frightened multitudes mingled with the hymn. The dream ended with fevered prayers from a thousand lips.

Reverend Morgan awakened with terse nervousness. An image of swirling water plagued his mind. It was a strange dream and he had not thought of the old hymn for years.

Reverend Morgan concluded his evening services and started to leave his pulpit. Suddenly, an overwhelming compulsion brought him back to the front of the church. He asked the congregation to sing the old hymn.

"Hear, Father, while we pray to Thee
For those in peril on the sea . . ."

As Reverend Morgan's church filled with his hymn, the liner *Titanic* was sinking in the North Atlantic. Somehow, one of the world's greatest sea disasters had reached the receptive mind of a minister who was hundreds of miles away.

The Dream That Changed the World

One of the most authoritative instances of "dream inventions" involved James Watt, inventor of the steam engine. The Scottish inventor of the 1700's enjoyed tramping the fields of his beloved Scotland with a fowling gun. However, Watt was a miserable marksman and often complained about the high cost of lead shot pellets.

"A man could go bankrupt just learning to shoot," Watt complained bitterly one morning to a fellow hunter.

"Aye, laddie," agreed a local squire. "Those bonnie shot factories must make a fortune."

Watt investigated and discovered lead shot was made through an awkward, costly process. One method was to draw molten lead into a thin wire and chop it into small pieces. Another process shaped lead into sheets, chopped the sheets into small squares and rolled these bits under two heavy iron places. "Either way, it is frightfully expensive," a shot manufacturer explained.

James Watt returned home and embarked on a search for a cheaper process. He melted, twisted and formed molten lead in a thousand different ways. None worked. Watt forgot his other experiments and pushed himself to toil long hours in his laboratory. Fatigue dulled his mind but he fought his need for sleep. Then, as he napped on a table in his lab one night, the dream started.

"The dream occurred every night for a week," Watt confided later. "Night after night, I dreamt of walking in a heavy rainstorm. When the raindrops struck the ground, they were suddenly transformed into lead shot."

Watt was puzzled. Could there be some significance to the strange dream? He related the dream to the squire.

The squire's curiosity was aroused. "Let's heat a kettle of lead and drop it from the church steeple into the moat," he suggested.

The squire watched from below as Watt carefully climbed the steeple stairs and dumped a pot of molten lead over the railing into the water-filled trench. The metal sizzled in the water and vanished beneath the surface.

Minutes later, the two men removed their shoes, rolled up their trousers and waded into the pond. They searched the bottom for the lead.

"Eh! Look!" cried the squire. He withdrew a handful of tiny spherical particles from the mud. "Laddie, your dream was true. This is perfect shot!"

Since that day in Scotland, lead shot has been manufactured by the simple process of dumping the molten metal into water. James Watt and his persistent dream enabled millions of sportsmen to purchase low cost ammunition.

Clairvoyants Who Catch Criminals

Edgar Cayce, the noted "sleeping healer" of Virginia Beach, Virginia, was an astonishingly accurate psychic whose psi ability was devoted primarily to the diagnosis of disease. However, on one occasion, the police used Cayce's clairvoyant talents to catch a murderer.

Cayce had gone into a trance to mentally recreate the murder in vivid detail. "The murdered girl's sister did it," he announced. The police followed up the lead, arrested the sister and she confessed to the slaying.

Shortly afterward, an angry police chief pounded on the psychic's door. "I have a warrant for your arrest," the lawman declared. He shoved the warrant toward the puzzled psychic. "The only way you could have known those facts was to have been an accomplice in the murder."

Cayce was astonished by the policeman's dim-witted action. The psychic carefully explained extra-sensory perception and again demonstrated his talent to the police chief. Statements from several of Cayce's friends convinced the baffled policeman that Cayce had "seen" the murder only in a trance. The lawman was still shaking his head in bewilderment when he returned to his customary duties.

Peter Hurkos, a Dutch clairvoyant, was endowed with paranormal powers following a severe skull fracture in June, 1943. Hurkos became known as a psychic sleuth after the war. In his first murder case, the police supplied Hurkos with a coat belonging to the murdered man. The psychic described the murder in minute detail, including the slayer's size, build, eyeglasses and wooden leg. When the police admitted that a suspect

with that description was in custody, Hurkos led them to where the murder weapon was hidden.

Another brilliant Dutch psychic, Gerald Croiset, turned his psychic powers on the murder of three civil rights workers in Mississippi in 1964. James Chaney, Michael Schwerner and Andrew Goodman had disappeared. Croiset described the area where the young men's bodies were ultimately discovered. The psychic was also correct when he said Mississippi lawmen were involved in the slayings.

Law enforcement agencies are naturally reluctant to acknowledge aid from a psychic. Many police chiefs are also rightfully suspicious of such information and refuse to consult clairvoyants. "We have used a psychic but only after every possible lead was exhausted," reported a metropolitan police chief. "They've been helpful on occasion and completely wrong at other times. I would certainly like to find a clairvoyant who was accurate all of the time. We could keep him busy twenty-four hours of the day."

Geronimo's Strange Powers of ESP

The Army cavalrymen and pioneers in the southwest believed Geronimo was a cruel, treacherous and bloodthirsty savage. General Miles claimed the wily Apache chieftain was "the meanest Indian who ever lived." On the other side, Geronimo's "bronco" Apache braves believed he was a shrewd leader for his people in the soldier vs. Indian "war of extermination."

"It's like chasing the desert wind," an eastern reporter wrote on the 1880's War in the southwest. "Geronimo was here . . . he was there . . . he was everywhere. Some soldiers swear the Devil guides him. The Indians do seem to know the army's movements in advance . . ."

Actually, Geronimo may simply have utilized his little known powers of ESP to elude his enemies. Indian lore credits Geronimo with the "gift" to see "things that others shall never know." Betzinez, his cousin, told of one example of Geronimo's ESP in *I Fought with Geronimo*, published in 1959.

The Apaches had left their women and children in a base camp in the Sierre Madre mountains. The small band of braves foraged on a raid into Chihuahua, Mexico. The Indians were eating large chunks of rustled beef around a campfire one night and talking of the time when the "white devils" would be driven from their land. Suddenly, Geronimo cried aloud, dropped his beef into the dust and stiffened before the blazing fire.

At length, he whispered in a strained voice. "The army has captured our families at the base camp," he declared. "What are we to do?"

The Indians were startled by such news. There had been no messengers from their camp. No one had seen any smoke signals during the day. "We must break camp and go," Geronimo insisted.

It was more than 120 miles through the rugged Mexican mountains back to the main camp. On the fourth night of their return trip, Betzinez reported Geronimo made another prediction.

"We will be marching along the north side of the mountains tomorrow afternoon," he confided. "We will see a man on a hill, howling the news that the troops have our women and children."

The shouting messenger appeared exactly as Geronimo predicted. General Crook and his cavalry had trailed Geronimo into Mexico, and had captured the entire encampment in a dawn raid. Shortly afterward, Geronimo complained of "a crying of my soul" and surrendered to the Army.

ESP Wrote a Nomination Speech for Teddy Roosevelt

Chauncey Depew, who was once a nominee for the Republican presidential ticket, sat on the porch of his home in New York, and gazed across the Hudson river. He was idly thinking about the speech he must deliver in another week. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was a candidate for the Governor of New York, and Depew had been asked to deliver the nomination speech at the forthcoming political convention.

As Depew stared out over the landscape, the scene suddenly shifted. The green fields vanished and a packed Convention Hall appeared before the incredulous politician's eyes.

"I rubbed my eyes to be sure I wasn't dreaming," Depew related later. "I saw the delegates in their seats as the chairman rapped his gavel and asked for more nominations for the governorship.

"Then, I saw my image step to the podium. I gave a tremendous speech for Colonel Roosevelt and the convention erupted with wild cheers. I saw myself smile as the Roosevelt forces steam-rollered to victory."

The roaring political scene dimmed and Chauncey Depew was again staring at the green fields along the Hudson river. The puzzled politician was unable to comprehend the strange phenomenon. However, Depew was a practical man and the speech he delivered in the vision was a dynamic oration. Grabbing his notebook, he wrote down the rousing phrases his image had delivered.

Depew delivered the same speech to the convention a week later. His vigorous words cinched the nomination for Roosevelt and propelled the "rough rider" onto a dynamic political career. "No one would have believed me if I had told at that time how the speech came to be written," Depew confided several years later.

Noted Psychic Predicts the Future

Irene Hughes, an attractive Chicago psychic, has achieved considerable fame for her forecasts of future events. Her most astonishing predictions actually named the day that a terrible blizzard would strike Chicago. The record snowfall appeared on schedule. More recently, she predicted the fire that destroyed the McCormick convention hall on Chicago's lakefront. She also predicted the assassination of Senator Robert Kennedy.

Her ESP gifts provide these predictions of our future:

☆ *New marriage and divorce laws will cancel out old laws:* New divorce laws will be more lenient. They will not be destructive to either party. Within 25 years, couples who wish to be divorced will appear before a special "judge" and announce their decision. The judge will declare them divorced. Marriage laws will be more stringent to prevent divorces shortly after the ceremony.

☆ *International television:* In five to ten years, viewers will tune in television programs from foreign countries.

☆ *Changes in law:* Old laws and concepts of justice will be changed by a judicial reform between now and 1974.

☆ *The presidency:* In 1980, a radical U. S. president will lean toward "unusual" groups. A third political party will be of considerable significance in the future.

☆ *Critical shortages:* In 1980, '81, and '82, a critical situation will arise in regard to war, housing, food, and water. Despite an unfavorable leader, we will cope with them. Our nation will make blunder after blunder at that time . . . this can be avoided by training our young people for the presidency.

Dowser Uses ESP at Space Research Station

When the Royal Aircrafts space satellite tracking station at Lasham, Hampshire, England, wants to add to their facilities, they call for 62-year-old Maj. Harold Spary. The Major is an amateur "dowser." He rigs a couple of sticks, some string and a device called a "thingummyjig" to pinpoint underground pipes and cable.

Arms outstretched, dowsing equipment delicately balanced, the Major crosses the area. Without warning, the rods may dip. "Don't dig there," the Major cautions. "There is a cable beneath the surface."

The spot is marked and the dowser continues to inspect the construction site. The Royal Engineers don't claim to understand the Majors unusual powers. They simply know that his dowsing is an infallible guide to underground facilities. "During World War II, I dowsed on pipeline construction jobs in Libya," the Major explained. "After the war, there were new cables added to the gun emplacements in the south of England. I dowsed these areas."

Major Spary was once considered for detecting underground land mines during the war. "However, mines have a habit of detecting you first," he said.

With British space research depending on the ancient art of water dowsing, it may be only a short time before this age-old technique is fully studied. ESP is undoubtedly involved. Water dowsing was developed in medieval Europe. The art crossed the Atlantic with *Mayflower* pioneers. Dowsing was cited in several of the New England witchcraft trials as proof of sorcery. Today, the unexplained art is used throughout the world.

Like the Royal Engineers, there are few people who understand dowsing. "All we know is that it works," a British general commented. "That's enough."

Strange Vision of the Sinking Ship

The place was a small church on Fair Isle, a small island off the northern coast of Scotland. It was Sunday morning, May 29, 1914, and Postmaster Jerome Stout had gathered with the island's 72 residents for their weekly church service. The Postmaster was ordinarily one of the most attentive members of the congregation. However, on this morning, he was preoccupied and stared intently out of the church window during the sermon.

Stout seemed totally unaware of his surroundings until the final hymn was chorused and the worshippers left the church. Stout had barely stepped into the churchyard when he was accosted by an angry, ruddy-faced fisherman. "You were very rude during services, laddie," the fisherman declared. "I aim to see the minister receives an apology. What was so interesting outside the church window?"

"I was watching a big ship go down," the Postmaster explained.

The fisherman's eyes glanced out to the choppy sea. "Laddie, I see no ship out there."

The Postmaster then told of his vision, describing a disastrous collision between the *Empress of Ireland* ocean liner and a Norwegian freighter, the *Storstad*.

"The land was not more than two miles away on both sides of these ships," the postmaster claimed. "The *Storstad* hit the big liner amidship in a dense fog. The *Empress* went down a few minutes after the collision. It was a terrible loss of lives. There was 171 crewmen drowned and 840 passengers were carried under the waves."

The Postmaster described the sea disaster so vividly that his fellow parishioners forgot his rude actions in the church.

It was several days until newspapers arrived on the

mail boat. The islanders were astonished to read of the collision of the *Empress of Ireland*, rammed amidship by the Norwegian freighter. The ocean liner was outbound from Quebec down the St. Lawrence river when the collision occurred. The disaster had happened exactly as the Postmaster had envisioned.

Today, old-timers on the rocky little island are still awed by the Postmaster's uncanny vision. "It was a bonnie bit of second sight," as an elderly resident put it.

ESP
Calls of Death

The customers in their family grocery store in Dunkerque, France, frequently joked about the identical appearance of the twin proprietors. "It is terrible to do business here," chided a plump, jovial housewife. "I never know which one is cheating me."

Jean and Yves Delavance, identical 38-year-old twins, did indeed look like human duplicates. Linked by the bonds of "twindom," they had remained together since birth. There had been a frightening moment during World War II, when Hitler's jack-booted storm troopers poured into France. Jean and Yves had been arrested for defying the Nazis. A German officer threatened to send them to different concentration camps. However, the sentencing Nazi judge relented and the Delavance twins were sent to the same camp.

They returned to Dunkerque after the war and reopened their family grocery store. Handsome, charming and gifted with a keen business sense, the twins prospered. There were frequent hints from their customers about matrimony. "I know a young girl who might be interested in a date with such good businessmen," smiled a matronly mother one morning.

"We could only be happy if we were married to twin sisters," Yves confided, adding extra measure to the woman's order. "My brother and I are like little children and we need each other; we cannot stand to be separated."

The twins worked together, dressed alike and enjoyed the same hobbies together. Then, tragedy struck. On September 15, 1959, Yves died. Jean seemed like half a human, a man who seemed to have lost his will to live. Grief shrouded his voice and there was a hollow, empty look in his face.

"I don't plan on opening the store again," he announced. "Everything about the place reminds me of my brother."

"You've got to get hold of yourself," a friend cautioned. "Yves would want you to continue."

Jean shook his head. "I am not at home in this world," he sobbed. "I must join my brother."

Friends spent the next week attempting to cheer Jean and to help him overcome the dreaded grief which clutched his soul. However, their efforts were a failure. Jean was found dead exactly one week after his brother's funeral. Due to the possibility of suicide, an inquest was held. The coroner ruled that Jean had died from "natural" causes.

"He died from sorrow," explained a doctor. "He could not live without his brother and he felt they would be reunited in death."

These strange "calls" of death are equally as strong even when twins are separated by time and space. Jonathan Meeres, a 58-year-old London cab driver, crumpled in a street and died from a massive heart attack on April 18, 1961. Meeres had no previous record of heart illness and he had seldom been sick. A few days after his death, a letter arrived from Freetown, Sierra Leone, Africa. Arthur Meeres, an identical twin, had passed away there on April 18!

"The two brothers had been separated for more than thirty years," a London newspaper reporter informed me. "They seldom corresponded. When death called, both twins died on the same afternoon. I have to believe such things go beyond pure chance or coincidence."

Equally eerie was the duality in life—and in death—of Bobbie Jean and Betty Joe Eller, identical twins from Purlear, North Carolina. These two girls had always been very close. Their lives became so interlocked that they became mentally ill and were admitted together to Broughton State Hospital in Morgantown.

The girls were placed in different wards in the hospital which increased their unhappiness. Bobbie Jean was found dead a few minutes after midnight on the morn-

ing of April 12, 1962. Moments later, attendants discovered the lifeless body of Betty Joe in her ward in another part of the hospital.

Hospital authorities suspected the twins had conspired to kill themselves through a suicide pact. However, there were no marks or bruises on the bodies. An inquest was held to determine the cause of death and whether the girls might have taken some type of poison.

"There is no known cause for these deaths," the coroner ruled. It was hinted in the hospital wards that the girls had willed themselves to death rather than endure the anguish of separation.

Dr. Robert Sommers and his associates have studied numerous twins and their psi experiences. Their tests reveal that at least one-third of the twins tested had experienced some form of extra-sensory-perception. "Identical twins share the closest possible relationship between two human beings," Dr. Sommers concluded. "They often have the same identical mental and physical characteristics."

His Dream Started a Bonanza

Dorcie Calhoun, a farmer who tilled a worn-out farm near Ronovo, Pennsylvania, was subjected to a reoccurring dream in 1949. The persistent dream informed the farmer of vast deposits of natural gas lying under the hills on his farm. The dream pointed out a spot to drill and encouraged the farmer to sink a well immediately.

Calhoun convinced several of his neighbors to organize a corporation to drill in the area. The drilling site was exactly where the dream indicated. Skeptics were astonished when the gas well came in with a fiery blast that required four days to get it under control.

Since then, scores of natural gas wells have been drilled in Ronovo. It is the largest natural gas field in Pennsylvania. The little town of 3,000 people has doubled in size. The people who invested in Calhoun's original well saw their shares increase by more than 3,000 percent. Dorcie Calhoun is a prosperous man because he dared to follow the instructions of a dream.

Your Map to the Unknown

Extra-sensory-perception, often referred to as our sixth sense, is a complex subject sub-divided into several different types of phenomenon. They include:

☆ *Mental Telepathy:* This is the transference of thought from one person to another. Time and distance do not appear to have any effect on this phenomenon. Several impressive tests have been conducted under carefully controlled conditions where the "sender" was in New York, and the "receiver" in California, caught the correct message.

☆ *Psychokinesis:* "Mind over matter" is this category of the paranormal. Rocks that fly fantastically through the air, the puzzling poltergeist phenomenon, and strange voices that croak threats, and incendiary minds are examples of this bizarre division.

☆ *Astral Projection:* This "out-of-body" experience occurs when the mind is projected to another place. This is considerably more than mere dreaming or flights of fancy. An example: a young New York woman claimed to have read her morning newspaper and returned to her bedroom to dress for the day. She was astonished to see her body lying on the bed. Or, a convict was known by prison guards to be in his cell—at the same moment when he was seen several hundred miles away by his friends and relatives.

☆ *Precognition:* This is the ability to peer into the future and see events before they occur.

☆ *Psychometry:* Some people obtain facts about an individual by simply holding an object belonging to that person. Many seers and mediums claim their powers operate at full strength when they utilize this phenomenon.

☆ *Ghosts:* Some parapsychologists believe visitors from beyond the grave are seen when our psi ability is intensified. They compare our ordinary senses to a single point on a radio dial. Ghosts and similar phenomenon may occupy other parts of this dial and be seen only occasionally.

Vision of the Missing Man

On the morning of April 26, 1956, Mr. P. van Delzen, a medium who practiced in Amsterdam, Holland, was handed a photograph by a worried client. "The man in the picture is my brother-in-law," the man blurted. "He disappeared three days ago. The police found his car with a note inside—he planned to drown himself. Can you tell us where to find his body?"

Van Delzen's fingers moved gently over the surface of the photograph. "This man is not dead," he declared. "This is not the picture of a man who could commit suicide. He did not drown but is now in a village north of Amsterdam."

The client appeared relieved by this information and returned home. The next morning, the client telephoned van Delzen. "We have not been able to find my brother-in-law," he stated, anxiously. "The family is certain that he has drowned himself."

"He is not dead," the medium insisted. "Please do not grieve or become alarmed. Your brother-in-law will return in a few days."

The next day, the missing man contacted his family. He had been upset and, mentally depressed, had decided to disappear. The note was written to eliminate a search by the police. Repentant and ashamed, he explained that he had been living in a small town north of Amsterdam.

Van Delzen had accurately predicted the man's activities by simply touching his photograph. "He is one of Holland's greatest sensitives," reported a Dutch psi society. "He is particularly accurate with a photograph or an article owned by a person."

Deadly Vision of Death

Mrs. Margaret Wright of suburban Newark, New Jersey, stirred in her bed and awakened as the crimson tints of the morning sun mingled with the darkness of her bedroom. She shook her husband into wakefulness. "George, I've had an awful dream," she informed her yawning husband. "There was a terrible accident. A truck ran over a child. I could see the little body lying on the ground."

"Nothing more than a bad dream," her husband remarked.

"No. This was too realistic," Mrs. Wright persisted. "We should warn someone."

"Whom would we call?" Wright inquired. "You didn't see the child. Don't get alarmed over a silly dream."

That morning, Mrs. Wright told the dream to her neighbor. "Let's watch the children in the neighborhood very closely today," she pleaded. "I saw a July 10, 1959, in the dream and that's today."

The distraught woman also telephoned a son who lived in a busy commuter community on Long Island. "Please watch your children very carefully today," she urged.

Mrs. Wright had another son who lived on a poultry-farm in downstate New Jersey. It seemed ridiculous to warn him. There was seldom any traffic past his isolated home. That afternoon, it was the farmer's six-year-old child who was crushed when a township gravel truck backed over her.

In a true precognitive experience, the grandmother's subconscious mind had perceived the future in an advance warning of death.

The Mystical Millionaire's Spirit Guides

Arthur Stilwell was barely able to complete high school in the small Indiana town where he was born. Many of his friends, classmates and teachers considered the boy to be slightly "touched in the head."

"Arthur claims to hear voices," a classmate laughed. "These voices just talk to him. They don't have bodies. They're spirits or something."

The young farm boy learned quickly that he should not explain to people about his voices. He remained silent and quietly let the "little voices" guide his life. Counseled by his voices, Stilwell became a multi-millionaire, established several railroads and founded more than forty towns. Port Arthur, Texas, and Stilwell, Oklahoma, are named after America's unusual mystical millionaire.

The voices first appeared to Arthur Stilwell one evening when the 15-year-old farm youth was studying his lessons by a flickering oil lamp. Possibly, he was thinking romantically about a young girl in his class. Suddenly, the startled youth heard a hollow voice. "Do not worry about her," the voice advised. "You will not marry for four years hence and your bride will be Genevieve Wood."

Four years later, the prediction proved true. Stilwell and his bride had discussed the voices. Both had faith in their counsel. Shortly after their marriage ceremony, his guides told Stilwell to seek work in Kansas City. The penniless newlyweds packed their meager possessions and left Indiana.

Arthur Stilwell quickly obtained a clerk's job in a Kansas City brokerage house. He enjoyed the work and thrilled to the fortunes that changed hands in the markets. The young clerk was totaling up his slips late one afternoon when the voices appeared again. "You should start

your own railroad," they intoned. "The money to finance the project will be easy to obtain."

A year later, the forty-dollar-a-week clerk had almost magically tapped the investor's market and the Kansas City Belt Line Railroad was in full operation. Stilwell was a careful manager. His "voices" seemed to have a thousand eyes and they constantly suggested methods to improve the railroad. The KCB became one of the most profitable lines in the nation. Stilwell's fortune was secure.

Then, the voices urged the former clerk to construct a railroad from Kansas City, through the wheat belt and down to the Gulf of Mexico. Financing was again successful and the Kansas City Southern's gleaming tracks were stretched toward the Gulf. The railroad was planned to end at Galveston, Texas, and there was less than forty miles of track left to be laid when the voices reappeared.

"Don't go to Galveston or your railroad will be doomed," the strange guides warned. "Swing over toward the swamps."

Stilwell ordered his construction crews to terminate the line in what is now Port Arthur, Texas. His investors were furious. "Thunderation! You've gone balmy!" swore an outraged New York banker. "Who ever heard of a railroad ending in a desolate salt water swamp?"

Shortly afterward, the banker congratulated Stilwell on his "good luck." A devastating hurricane had leveled Galveston in one of the nation's most terrible storms. The community was almost destroyed. The Kansas City Southern lines were unharmed by the storm and Stilwell profited tremendously by hauling supplies to the citizens of battered Galveston.

Altogether, Stilwell amassed several fortunes and built seven railroads. He never made an important business decision without conferring with his strange "board of directors." Stilwell was also a prolific writer who authored thirty books. *The Light That Never Failed* was a bestseller for more than two years. Another of his books, published in 1910, clearly predicted the forthcoming World War, with uncanny detail.

"*To All The World Except Germany*" was the unimaginative title of another of his books published in 1914. He predicted the coming defeat of Kaiser Wilhelm's armies in World War I, the Tsar's overthrow in Russia, and the founding of the nation we call Israel.

Stilwell died in 1928, and to the very end, his mysterious voices guided the mystical millionaire. He credited his voices for his legendary business success. "They never failed me," he said in tribute.

The Girl Who Named Her Murderer

Joy Aken, an attractive seventeen-year-old girl from Pinetown, Natal, South Africa, disappeared from her home on September 10, 1956. Joy was considered a "good girl" by her family and friends. They believed the teen-ager had been kidnapped or murdered. The police conducted an intensive search and distributed thousands of posters seeking information on the missing girl. The family offered a sizable reward.

Weeks passed and there was not a single clue on Joy's whereabouts. On October 8, Colin Aken made his customary daily inquiry at the Pinetown police station. A sad-faced police officer shook his head silently as Joy's brother approached his desk.

"I know there hasn't been any news about Joy," Colin said. "I've stopped to tell you about a schoolteacher here in town who locates lost articles for his friends and neighbors."

"Does he charge for his services?" the suspicious police captain asked.

"He does it as a favor," Colin related. "His name is Nelson Palmer. I'd like to try him on Joy's case."

The police officer shrugged his shoulders. "We've got nothing to lose," he admitted. "We can't find out anything."

Fifty relatives and policemen gathered at the Nelson Palmer home on the morning of October 9, 1956. Palmer appeared almost apologetic about his alleged psychic gifts. "I just lean back in my chair and let my mind go blank," he said, quietly. "Something will come into view and I describe it."

Palmer settled into his favorite chair as a strained silence spread through the room. Suddenly, a shrill scream roared from the medium's lips.

"I'm dead . . . I'm dead," a feminine voice intoned. ". . . a man attacked me. He hid my body in a ravine near the Big Rocks . . ."

The records on this unusual case are still in the files of the Pinetown police. They report: "Palmer said the body was hidden under a pile of rocks about 60 miles from the city. He said 'Clarence' was the murderer. Clarence was said to be 30 years old. The murder weapon had been hidden in on 'outbuilding' behind his home. We interrogated Palmer while he was in the trance. He said he could lead us to where the body was hidden."

Palmer came out of his trance with full memory of the experience. He directed the police to a desolate highway along the Natal sea coast. "We found the girl's body under a pile of rocks by a culvert, which Palmer pointed out to us," the police report continued.

The murdered girl's relatives then recalled that Joy had known thirty-year-old Clarence VanBuren. The police questioned VanBuren and found a gun hidden in a shed behind his home. VanBuren confessed he had lured Joy Aken into his automobile, made advances and killed the girl when she resisted.

Nelson Palmer dismissed his astonishing performance as "nothing extraordinary, you know . . . the Aken family believes the dead girl spoke through me. I believe the human mind has many perfectly normal abilities that are not yet completely understood. Projection into time and space is one of these."

The Man Who Never Sleeps

Franz Branowski of Dusseldorf, Germany, is the world's champion insomniac. He has not slept in more than *twenty-three years* and there is little hope that the former soldier will ever sleep again. The seventy-seven-year-old Branowski's sleepless marathon has been verified by his friends, neighbors and several reputable West German physicians.

"Actually, I want to sleep more than anything else in the world," the bleary-eyed German declared. "I have even offered my home to anyone who can show me how to get a single night's sleep." He has tried prayer, hot baths, cold baths, special diets, sleeping pills and a jug of whiskey in an effort to sleep. None worked.

Branowski's unusual state of wakefulness resulted from a shrapnel injury to his brain in January, 1945. "The section of his brain that controls sleep was damaged when a shell exploded near him," Dr. Dieter Koelgen, one of his doctors, explained. "As a result of this unusual wound, Branowski cannot sleep regardless of how tired he may become."

Branowski is an active, alert individual who shows no signs of physical harm from his sleepless years. "His body adjusted long ago to a new rhythm based on resting when he would ordinarily sleep," Dr. Koelgen related. "He lies in bed and reads when he would ordinarily sleep."

A few years ago, Branowski advertised for sleep cures and offered his $7,000 home as a reward. A spell-binding European faith-healer was convinced he could cure Branowski. "The healer started treatment that lasted for many hours," Branowski chuckled. It ended when the faith healer became tired and fell asleep.

"Sleep is one of life's delightful pleasures that will always be denied me," Branowski said, with gloomy resignation. "However, I still have a glimmer of hope that some peaceful night my eyes will close and . . ."

The Mongoose Who Came to Dinner

The poltergeist is undoubtedly the most dramatic form of extra-sensory-perception. The poltergeist—"noisy ghost" in German—is a mischievous haunt from the outer edges of the unknown.

When a poltergeist moves in, it brings a sizable repertoire of mischievous tricks. Strange raps and knocks echo through a house. Objects will often be tossed by some demonical, invisible force. Disembodied voices sing ribald songs or make snide remarks about the people present in the home. Some psi investigators believe that the poltergeist is conjured up from repressed emotions in a "mind over matter" reaction. Others admit they just don't know.

One of the world's most fascinating poltergeists was the now classic Isle of Man case which has puzzled investigators since 1931. Early that year, the home occupied by the James Irving family gained a newcomer: a talking poltergeist which hid in the walls of the old home.

The entity claimed to be a mongoose. "I am Jef, the mongoose and you would be mummified, terrified and petrified if you saw me," it claimed. From time to time, the family claimed they saw the vague shadow of a small, rodent-like creature scurrying through the halls.

Mrs. Irving became quite friendly with the noisy entity and frequently talked with the voice. One afternoon, she thrust her hand through Jef's hole in a kitchen wall and actually patted something "quite furry." However, Jef quickly tired of such affection and allegedly bit her hand.

Like the man who came to dinner and stayed for a long time, Jef pestered the Irving household for four years. "There was never a dull moment when he was around," an investigator reported.

One of the poltergeist's favorite tricks was to throw small objects at the family during mealtime. Spoons, knives, dishes and bits of food pelted the diners and, on one occasion, an invisible mouth blew on a visitor's soup.

Jef giggled with sadistic joy when psi researchers or newspaper reporters investigated his weird antics. His favorite practice was to squirt his visitors with a tiny stream of water. "It was the most disconcerting experience of my life," a London newsman said after his visit to the Irving home. "I was attempting to interview the family, and throughout the entire session, a small stream of water poured out of nowhere onto my head!" Jef also commented on the pudgy reporter's waistline. "You're a fat one," he sang.

At night, Jef enjoyed prowling around the house, singing naughty songs in an off-tune voice and yelling at the sleeping family. A Manchester, England, *Daily Dispatch* reporter heard Jef one evening and commented: "Was this a weasel singing? I doubt it. I do know that I heard a voice that could not have been from a human throat."

The Irvings finally persuaded Jef to stamp his footprints in soft clay and these impressions were studied by Dr. R. I. Peacock of the British Museum of Natural History. The zoologist was completely baffled by the prints. "There is a distinct possibility that one print could be that of a dog," he concluded. "The remaining prints are of no known animal. None could have been made by a mongoose."

Jef stayed with the Irvings for four years. Then, as quickly as he appeared, the poltergeist vanished and became another entry in the baffling history of psychic phenomena.

The Prophet, the Policeman and the Bombs

Detective Walter English of the Milwaukee, Wisconsin Police Department smiled broadly when he saw Arthur Price Roberts early on the morning of October 18, 1935. Roberts, a 72-year-old Milwaukee resident, claimed to be gifted with occult predictive powers. Although the detective gave no credence to prophecy, he enjoyed his stimulating discussions with the old man.

"Well, here's our hometown Houdini," Detective English chided the seer. "Do you have any racing tips that might break the bookies?"

The psychic dismissed his friend's jovial greeting. "I've intended to phone your office," he said solemnly. "You're going to be hunting the bomber in a few days."

"Bomber?" Detective English was confused. "We have not heard about any bombings."

"You will," the seer predicted. "I had a vision of a city building being blown up. Two banks will be blasted and the bomber will go after a few police stations. Those are my predictions, Walter."

The detective shook his head in astonishment. "I hope you're wrong on this one," he answered.

Eight days later, a village hall in Shorewood, Wisconsin, was bombed; two children were killed and dozens of people were injured in the explosion. Detective English decided the bombing was possibly a "coincidence." He didn't report the conversation to the police chief for fear of being considered ridiculous.

On the following night, the detective was sitting in his living room listening to the radio. The regular broadcast was interrupted by a news bulletin. Two Milwaukee banks had been bombed! Next, the bombers blasted two police stations and the detective was then convinced of the predictive powers of the psychic.

English related the predictions to his superior officers. "He predicted the bombings exactly," English explained, bewildered.

"We're going nuts with this case," said a chief of detectives to the old man. "Let us see what else your psychic knows."

The seer admitted his inability to provide more information about the bombers. "I don't know who they are," he confessed. "However, there will be a big explosion on Sunday, November 4. It will be south of the river in Menominee. That will be the last of the bombings."

The police surrounded the area pin-pointed by the seer early Sunday morning. They searched homes, checked buildings and looked through garages to locate a possible cache of explosives. Their search was ended when a shattering explosion shook the area. Two youths in a garage were blown to bits. Paul Chavanek, 16, and Hugh Rutkowski, 21, had apparently been constructing a 50-pound dynamite bomb when the device exploded. No motives for their actions were ever uncovered.

The predictions of the Milwaukee bombings were just one of numerous glimpses into the future by psychic Arthur Price Roberts. Born in Denbeigh, Wales, in 1866, Roberts had his unusual occult powers even as a child.

On many occasions, Roberts' mind "found" murder victims when the police were unable to find the bodies.

Roberts was a hearty 73 years old in 1939, when his many friends feted the psychic at a birthday party. During the festivities, a celebrant raised his glass and toasted, "Here's to a long life, Arthur. We'll get together again next year."

"I'm afraid I won't be here after January 2, 1940," Roberts answered quietly.

True to his prediction, Milwaukee's famed psychic died in his home on January 2, 1940.

Enigma of the Bloodstains

One Wednesday morning in the spring of 1967, Emmett P. LeCompte of Langhorne, Pennsylvania, awoke with the cloudy memory of a confusing dream. Somehow, he knew the dream was linked with blood but the full details of the experience evaded him.

Mr. LeCompte was disturbed even more when he entered his bathroom that morning and discovered a mysterious, unexplained bloodstain on the floor. He lived alone, had no pets and the doors to his home were locked. He concluded he had walked during his sleep and bled on the floor.

The puzzled Pennsylvanian examined his body for a wound or abrasions.

There were none.

He checked the sheets on his bed. They were free of stains.

"Perhaps I walked during my sleep and had a nosebleed," he thought.

There were no drips leading toward the bloodstain.

Finally, Mr. LeCompte abandoned his efforts to explain the stain. He washed the floor and went about his customary duties.

However, the mysterious bloodstain continued to plague the dreamer. Every Wednesday morning a fresh stain appeared on LeCompte's bathroom floor until August, 1967. Then, as mysteriously as they materialized, the stains vanished to leave Emmett LeCompte with his own personal, puzzling phenomenon.

Vision of the Death's Head

It was a very appropriate night to seal a pact about returning from the dead. A freezing blizzard roared through St. Petersburg, Russia, and the howling winds pounded against the home of Anton Rubinstein.

The famous Russian composer and pianist was dining with his protegé, Miss Lillian Nichia. As a servant prepared an elaborate dessert, Rubinstein parted the drapes that shrouded a dining room window. He looked out into the storm. "The wind sounds almost human," he remarked. "Lillian, what does it sound like?"

The young woman listened for a minute. "It is the cry of a million lost souls—but that can't be because we have a future after death. Anton, if I go first, I will return and prove it to you."

The aging composer stiffened, then smiled. "And, I shall come to you because I will go first," he said solemnly.

Six years later, in 1894, Miss Nichia was asleep in her Paris apartment. A sudden cry of anguished despair slammed through her sleeping mind. "I hope the experience is never repeated in my lifetime," she wrote in a 1912 issue of *Harper's* magazine. "Rubinstein's face was close to mine, a countenance distorted by fear, despair, agony, remorse and anger."

The trembling woman quickly turned on all of the lights in her apartment. She decided the experience had been just a bad dream. "I had forgotten our pact about returning," she said. She read of Rubinstein's death in the newspapers published the next afternoon.

Later, Miss Nichia discovered Rubinstein had died screaming with indescribable agony. "Rubinstein always kept his promises—even in death," she added thoughtfully.

Grisly Vision of the Gallows

William Blake, the mystical English poet, was apprenticed to an engraver when he was fourteen years old. His employer was William Rysland, England's best engraver and a respected businessman.

Less than two hours after he started in his new job, young Blake fled from the engraving shop. He refused to return to the job.

"Well, how do you explain your strange behavior?" a friend asked.

"Whenever I look at Rysland, I have an extra-sensory vision of that man hanging on the gallows," Blake answered gloomily.

The vision proved true more than twelve years later when Rysland was hanged for forgery on August 29, 1783.

The Maiden Who Married a Corpse

Miss Dorothy Ford is the only woman in history who married a corpse to dispel a series of shocking dreams.

Miss Ford was betrothed to Reverend William Streat, the popular young pastor of a church in South Pool, England. Dorothy and her bridesmaids were completing the plans for her wedding on the morning of June 11, 1666, when a messenger approached the giggling group. "Your fiancé is dead," the young man muttered apologetically. "His horse bolted this morning and his neck was broken."

The grieving young woman attended her fiancé's funeral on the same day that her wedding had been scheduled. Mourners wiped eyes and whispered tearfully about the strange twists of fate.

On the night after the funeral, many of the sleeping villagers were disturbed by a strange dream. The dream was identical for each dreamer. "I saw William's ghost in my dream," the best man related in a hushed tone. "He complained that his soul would never rest until his marriage to Dorothy was fulfilled." Eleven villagers had dreamt this same dream on the funeral night.

In the months that followed, the reverend's persistent spirit continued to haunt the sleeping villagers. "I ain't had a good night's sleep since the pastor died," complained a blacksmith. "Something has got to be done."

The bleary-eyed villagers convinced Dorothy Ford that the pastor's coffin had to be disinterred. A public marriage ceremony was performed in the church on November 27, 1666. The wooden coffin was wiped clean of dirt and placed upright in the space where the groom ordinarily stood. Miss Ford walked down the aisle in step with the traditional wedding march.

The crowd of awed people watched the young woman marry the corpse of her fiancé. The ceremony was re-

corded in the church records and, then the ghastly groom was carried to the church hall where a grisly wedding reception was held. Afterward, the groom was reburied.

The people who had been plagued by the pastor's spirit were relieved from further molestation. "The dream vanished as soon as the wedding was performed," the town's official historian wrote. "The good reverend had married his bride as he had promised and his spirit was in peace."

Mary Roberts Rinehart's Rosebud Entity

Mystery writer Mary Roberts Rinehart and her husband had delved together into the enigmas of psychical phenomena. They even agreed to try and communicate with each other after death. Following Dr. Rinehart's death, Mrs. Rinehart recalled the pact and consulted a medium.

The séance was held in a hotel room several weeks after the funeral. Mrs. Rinehart carefully searched the room to eliminate the possibility of fraud. She locked the door to prevent anyone entering the room. As an added precaution, Mrs. Rinehart held the medium's hand and placed her knees around the medium's legs. The room was darkened and the séance started.

After a few minutes, Mrs. Rinehart felt a hand on the top of her head. The hand then moved down her arm and lightly touched the wedding ring on her finger.

"If you are who I believe you are, do you know what object I brought today that belongs to you?" Mrs. Rinehart whispered into the darkness. She thought of a small medical pin that belonged to her husband. She had attached the object to the inside of her dress, near the waist.

The hand pulled open the upper folds of her dress. She felt the force tug roughly at the insignia. The hand disappeared and a small noise in the corner of the room indicated the entity was tugging at a bouquet of rosebuds in a vase.

"It's back," Mrs. Rinehart exclaimed. The hand placed a single rosebud by the insignia as the séance ended.

"I have gone over the experience for fraud, hypnotism or telepathy during the years since then," Mrs. Rinehart stated. "I simply cannot explain it."

The Billion Dollar Dream

In 1937, the Sheik of Kuwait was down to his last Cadillac and his bank account could have easily been squeezed into the nearest piggy bank. With a sparsely populated desert-nation sandwiched between Saudi Arabia and Iraq, Kuwait had plenty of sand, sun and insolvency. "We're going to need the magic of an Aladdin's lamp to become wealthy," the Sheik remarked frequently.

One attempt at enriching the nation was a search for oil under the sandy shore at the Bay of Kuwait. Yet, the drills had already gone much deeper than expected. "Nothing but dry sand," the drill boss reported each day with disappointing regularity. "We have not had a smell of oil."

One of the Sheik's friends and advisers was Colonel H. R. P. Dickson, a political emissary from Britain. Col. Dickson was an old Arabian "desert rat," who had gained a solemn respect for occult lore during his many years in the desert cities. "Dreams can foretell the future if you have a proper interpretation," Col. Dickson often told his friends.

Dickson was also frustrated by the disappointing results in oil drilling. "All of the geology reports indicate there is oil under Kuwait," he informed his wife one evening. "There must be some way to find the right place to drill."

"Don't worry so much," his wife said soothingly. "The drillers may have better luck tomorrow."

That night, the colonel dreamt of an oil camp in the desert. He and his wife lived near a large tree. A sandstorm opened a hole in the earth and the Dicksons were confronted with the resurrected figure of a beautiful young Arabian woman.

"I have been asleep for more years than you can count," the woman in the dream related. "Please give me warm garments and food."

After she had eaten, the young woman paid for her food with an ancient coin. "There are evil men who want to kill me again," she claimed. "You must not tell them I have come to life."

Then, as Col. Dickson twisted in his bed, a band of screaming cut-throats materialized in his dream. They seized the woman and prepared to execute her. Dickson dashed into the fray and killed the bandit leader.

Momentarily, the dream evaporated and Col. Dickson was wide awake. He dressed quickly and drove through the desert night to a village more than 40 miles away. A wrinkled, beady-eyed old Arab woman practiced dream interpretation there and she was known throughout Arabia for her amazing accuracy. Col. Dickson told his strange dream to the old woman.

Her eyes flickered with satisfaction as he placed a gold coin in her hand. "Your dream is full of symbols," she explained. "The woman who came out of the ground represents oil. The bandits mean there are traitors who do not want oil to be found here. The old coin symbolizes the wealth that oil will bring to us."

"But where can we find oil?" Col. Dickson persisted.

"You should tell the foreigners they will never find oil at the Bay of Kuwait," the old woman answered. "Tell them to move to exactly 35 miles south of their present site. They will be in the Burgan Hills. They should drill by the edge of a big tree."

The colonel returned to Kuwait and told the Sheik of his dream.

"We shall convince the oil company to send an exploration crew into the Burgan Hills," the Sheik announced. "If they find a tree where you have described, then we will know the dream is true."

The skeptical oil men shook their heads in collective disbelief when the Sheik made his request. They planned to make a hasty trip into the hills and forget the matter.

Just as the old woman predicted, they found a solitary tree perched precariously on a crusty mountain slope. A meeting was called by the oil company officials.

"I'm as hard-headed as the rest of you when it comes to business," the superintendent declared. "I've heard stories about these old Arab women and—well, sometimes they seem to see things we can't."

"Just what are you suggesting?" a pompous board member inquired curtly.

"We're not pulling up anything but sand at the Bay," the superintendent said. "Let's take a chance and start drilling by the tree."

A few months later, the drills broke through the earth's crust and opened the fabulous wealth of the oil pool beneath Kuwait. Since then, billions of dollars in black gold has been pumped from the seemingly limitless oil reserve. Billions of dollars have flowed into Kuwait—all because of a strange dream and a canny interpretation of the symbols in the colonel's vision.

Lassie Finds Her Master

Lassie, a German Shepherd, walked more than 800 miles for four months to find her master through some form of canine clairvoyance. In July, 1968, Pancrazio Scorano left the dog with his parents in his home town of Brindisi, Italy. Scorano had taken a job in Turin, a large city in northern Italy, and believed Lassie would be happier in the small village.

Lassie disappeared a few days after Scorano left for Turin. "We assumed she had been run over," Scorano said. Then, on the morning of October 10, 1968, Lassie barked and scratched at the door of his master's apartment in Turin.

"She was in terrible shape," Scorano related. "A veterinarian fixed her paws and I had to fatten her up."

No one has an answer to explain how the dog found her master. Scorano had driven to Turin so the dog could not have followed a scented trail. There are hundreds of towns along the highways and thousands of streets in Turin. Yet, through some unknown means, the dog was able to find her master.

The Prophetic Hag of Horse Creek Hollow

A few months after he returned from the explosive bloodshed of the Civil War, Major Walter Hanson loaded his "long tom" Kentucky rifle and went hunting for small game along Horse Creek Hollow, West Virginia. He was accompanied by Elijah Miller, an eighteen-year-old farmer who lived "down the creek" in the sparsely populated settlement.

The trees were budding, flowers were blooming and the untamed hills were splashed with vivid color on that morning of April 8, 1865. The hunters were stalking a rabbit along the creek banks when their attention was focused on a loud threshing sound in a clump of tall weeds.

"Maybe we got a deer," Elijah Miller whispered. "You get ready to shoot and I'll throw a couple rocks in there."

Major Hanson checked his rifle and sighted down the long barrel. His nerves tensed as his companion tossed a rock toward the noise. Suddenly, an unearthly roar shattered the mountain silence. The weeds parted and a grisly female phantom appeared before the two astonished mountaineers.

"It was shrouded in a long, dark dress that looked as if it was quite wet," Major Hanson told his neighbors afterward. "There was a black sunbonnet over her face which was a bare white skull. A greenish haze floated around her form. Both Elijah and I remembered seeing the trees through her body."

The frightening phantom pointed a bony finger at the two trembling men. "Lincoln will be gone before the full moon rises," the figure croaked.

The suspicious mountaineers dropped their rifles in their hasty retreat from the area. They dashed to the Miller cabin and then confided their weird experience

to several of their neighbors. It was almost dark before the apprehensive group of mountaineers mustered their courage and accompanied Hanson and Miller to recover their rifles.

"News wasn't like it is now," Major Hanson said, shortly before his death. "We didn't hear about the President being shot and killed in Washington 'til nearly two months after we seen that thing."

Major Hanson's fascinating account of the incredible incident is contained in his diaries, which have been passed down through the generations. ". . . some of the old settlers said there was a white woman killed on the creek by a bunch of Indians on a raid," he wrote. "But I checked the county seat and the state capitol and never found anything on it."

The next appearance of the ghoulish spectre occurred in 1881. Clyde Pardue and his wife were walking home from a Saturday night church service when a glowing death's head materialized in the darkness. "The skull was covered by a dripping wet black shawl," Mrs. Adkins claimed. "The voice was like nothing I ever heard in this world. She said the President would be shot and it happened."

Max Alberts, a magazine subscription salesman from Texas, was driving along the mist-covered creek on the night of November 14, 1963. Alberts was negotiating a sharp curve in the road when his headlights illuminated a dark figure standing in the middle of the highway.

"I hit my brakes and stopped just a couple of inches from the person," Alberts reported. "I thought I'd almost killed somebody. I saw this thing, a glowing skull under a dark garment, staring through the windshield. The thing lifted a skeleton's finger, pointed at me and said something. The car radio was turned on so I didn't hear what was said."

The phantom then lowered its arm and vanished. "It was just like turning out an electric light," Alberts shuddered. "I stopped at the next gas station. An old man told me about the prophecies. I didn't think much about

it until President Kennedy was killed on November twenty-second. Then, I went back there to find out more about the ghost."

Many of the people who live in Horse Creek Hollow firmly believe in the phantom's powers to predict the violent death of an American president. "The phantom only comes around when there is bad news a-brewing," declared an elderly mountaineer.

The Woman Who Never Eats

"Get away from that food!" screamed the angry old woman. The old hag's taunts were directed at her plump daughter-in-law. "You're nothing but a fat, gluttonous pig!"

Giri Bala, a teen-aged bride, withdrew her chubby fingers from a bowl of fruit. Giri had moved into her husband's family home in the small village of Bihar, in the Bankura district of West Bengal, India. Since her arrival, the young bride had been subjected to cruel criticism each day because of her active appetite.

"One afternoon, I resolved to stop eating and never touch food again," Giri Bala declared. In the past sixty two years she claims to have taken nothing more than a daily glass of water. "I went to the Nawabganj Ghat on the Ganges river where the holy men gather. My guru taught me the secrets of Yoga body control. I find it is not necessary to eat."

Heart and breath control are very important in her regimen. "My energy comes from the sun and air," she explained. "I have never been ill and there is very little pain from an accidental injury. I have no bodily excretions."

Although she lived very quietly in her village, the fame of Giri Bala reached His Majesty Sri Bijay Chand Mahtab, the late Maharaja of Burdwan. The ruler was intrigued by her claims and empaneled an impressive group of medical experts to investigate. They placed Giri Bala under carefully controlled conditions where there was no chance of fraud. The study involved several months of intense investigation.

"It is a phenomena that borders on the miraculous," the commission concluded. "We can only judge her claims as absolutely authentic."

"The need for food exists only in our minds," Giri Bala maintains. "Once we have an inner experience and enter a higher plane, there is no need for food and drink. Willpower and meditation are the true sources of energy for the master's students."

Eartha Kitt's Career Was Started by ESP

Actress and singer Eartha Kitt says ESP played an important factor in launching her show business career. She was 16 years old and working in a lace factory in New York, when she and a girl friend went to the Paramount Theatre one afternoon to see a movie.

"I felt a strange feeling," Eartha explained. "It was as if I should leave the theatre because I was supposed to be somewhere else."

The strange sensation grew more powerful and Miss Kitt and her girl friend finally left the theatre.

"Outside, we saw a young girl walking up and down in front of the theatre," Eartha continued. "She seemed lost and I asked if we could help. She gave me a piece of paper with an address written on it.

"We took her to the address, which was the Katherine Dunham Dancing School. When we arrived, they were holding auditions and I took a dare from my girl friend and tried out," Eartha continued. "I put every ounce of energy into the audition and I was offered a scholarship at the school. It changed my life."

Since then, Eartha Kitt has been successful in virtually every area of show business. Night club appearances, Broadway shows, hit records and television appearances have brought her international acclaim. "I use ESP to feel vibrations from people," Eartha said. "My vibrations give me an indication of a person's inner self and whether he wishes me well."

Eartha credits her ESP with her success in "New Faces of 1952," the Broadway hit that skyrocketed her career in this country. At that time, she was a star in Europe, but was virtually unknown in America. "My agent and several friends told me I should not do 'New Faces,' " Eartha related. "I knew it was going to be a hit because my vibrations told me so. ESP never lets me down."

Luke the Ghost Comes A-Haunting

Luke The Ghost is his name and haunting the Willow Dale cemetery is his game, according to dozens of amateur ghost hunters in Bradford, Pennsylvania. In October, 1968, Luke allegedly started floating around the gravestones and frightened several witnesses almost out of their wits.

Some people have described Luke as a "white, blurred figure who drifts or floats about two feet above the ground." Others disagree. "He's a distinguished looking fellow with gray hair," they claim. "He even wears a boutonniere in the lapel of his blue suit. He has a glowing blue aura around him."

Sue Aylward, a sixteen-year-old senior at Bradford High School, held a "spook séance" in the cemetery with three of her girl friends. The cold wind whistled over the cemetery as the girls parked their car. They left the headlights on and operated a ouija board on the steps of a dark mausoleum.

"We wanted to ask Luke certain questions and felt he might communicate through the ouija board," Sue explained. "We asked first if Mr. Luke would appear again. The board answered 'yes.' We tried to get more information but we could not get a time for his reappearance.

James Anderson, a thirty-five-year old self-styled "ghost hunter" from suburban Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, hastened to the cemetery when he heard about Luke. "I set up a tape recorder one night when there was no one in the cemetery," he related. "I heard, and recorded, several ghastly screams. One of the tapes has the sound of rattling chains and noises that can only be described as unearthly."

William Neatrour, police chief of Bradford Township, told newsmen the ghost was a hoax. "I tell people that

and they just look at me and say they believe in ghosts," Neatrour stated. The police chief said he had heard several tapes of Luke's screams. "They're nonsense," he stated.

Hoax or haunt? There are many conflicting opinions in Bradford today.

How to Test Yourself for ESP

There are several very easy tests which will determine whether you are endowed with an above average degree of extra-sensory-perception. However, skeptics are warned that a belief in ESP seems to be essential for an exceptional score. "We find there is a direct correlation with the individual's belief in his ESP ability and his scores on our tests," a prominent parapsychologist said recently.

Laboratory tests have shown that high or low intelligence apparently has nothing to do with an individual's psychic prowess. "We find that well-adjusted people with an extroverted personality usually have the highest scores," the scientist added.

Here are simple tests that you can try at home:

Mental Telepathy: You will need the cooperation of a friend to determine your ability as a "sender" or "receiver" of mental images. Without your knowledge, your friend will clip out six or eight pictures from a newspaper or magazine. The best results are obtained from photographs that depict accidents, fires or disasters with high emotional impact.

Begin your test when you are not rushed and your mind is free from distractions. The "sender" goes into another room while the "receiver" relaxes on a couch or in a comfortable chair. You agree on a specific time for "transmission" and, on cue, the "sender" concentrates on a single picture. The "receiver" must relax his conscious mind to allow the image to form.

When an image appears, the "receiver" jots down a few details about the picture or sketches the picture on a sheet of paper.

ESP: Take a regular deck of playing cards, remove the sixteen face cards and discard the remainder. You will have four Spades, Clubs, Diamonds and Hearts. Your

friend will number 1 to 16 on a sheet of paper to keep score of your progress. After the cards have been shuffled, your friend selects a card from the stack on cue, with a finger snap or a rap on the table. You call your "guess" for the suit of the selected card. Your friend records your guess and the correct designation for the card.

During the test, you may turn your back on your friend or call the cards from a nearby room. Above all, remain relaxed and call the first image that "pops" into your mind when your friend signals.

When testing, your friend must look at the card as he gives the signal. To test for clairvoyance, the card should not be looked at until after your guess. Results should never be announced until the test has been completed. A normal score is three correct calls through pure chance. Anything above three indicates your ESP in action.

Extra Ocular Vision: As research continues into this fascinating psychic field, investigators have discovered a surprising number of people with "eyes in their fingers." These people detect colors by running their fingers over a printed page.

You should select several vivid color pictures from the same issue of a magazine. These samples should be on the same type of paper. Gently glide your fingertips over the color areas to get a "special feeling" from any particular color.

Then, repeat the test while you are blindfolded. Some colors are said to have a "rough" feeling; others are "warm" or "cold." Many people have practiced until they could "feel" colors quite accurately.

Your ESP skills improve with constant practice and tests. You should keep records on each session and average your total score over several sessions. You can make allowances for distractions or interruptions in figuring your final score.

He Was Instantly Cured of Cancer

John Day, a middle-aged hotel manager in London, was told in 1956, that he had cancer of the lungs. "You have to be operated on immediately," a surgeon advised.

Day entered a hospital where a team of surgeons removed one lung and made tests on the other. "It is definitely cancerous," Day was told. "Death is inevitable. We just don't have a cure."

The approach of death brought John Day back to his faith—Catholicism. One tenet of the Church had been a belief in the possibility of miraculous cures. Day read about the healing Grotto of Bernadette in Lourdes, France. The shrine is constructed on the exact spot where Bernadette Soubirous conversed with the Virgin Mary in 1858. Since then, millions of pilgrims have traveled to Lourdes, for healing from the cool waters of a hillside spring. There have been many miraculous healings at Lourdes; the Medical Bureau, after exhaustive investigation, has certified fifty-four healings as absolute.

Day's doctors scoffed at his planned pilgrimage. "You've got a few days to live at the most," a surgeon explained. "You probably won't live long enough to reach the shrine. Even if you do, Lourdes cannot cure a cancerous lung."

But John Day was determined to grasp his last opportunity for life. He insisted on the pilgrimage, and a sympathetic doctor finally consented to accompany the feeble invalid. The physician had to administer morphine every two hours during the grueling trip, to relieve the deadly pain boiling within Day's thin body.

"His life was ebbing rapidly when we arrived at the shrine," the physician reported.

John Day was carried to the Basilica for the traditional blessing. He was then stripped of his clothing by two

husky male nurses and plunged into the cool waters at the Grotto.

The attendants started to carry their patient back to his stretcher. "Put me down," Day pleaded gently. "I can dress myself."

He wheeled his own chair back to his hotel and then devoured a large meal. An examination by doctors revealed that Day's lung was no longer cancerous. Various other afflictions had been miraculously cured. Energy was surging into his body.

"Within a month, he was back at his job as a hotel manager, and he has not had a sick day since then," a medical report stated.

Individuals with a strong belief in the all-encompassing power of the supernatural have often seen their faith reaffirmed by miraculous healings. At the present, a controversy rages over the medical value of spiritual healing and it may be many years before the argument is resolved.

The Prophesy of Doom

Sorcery in the new world reached its peak during the reign of the Aztec empire in Mexico. The Aztec kings maintained colleges of sorcery in the major cities where astrology, magic and prophesy were taught. Every young man who entered the Aztec priesthood was required to take intensive training in the black arts.

The Aztec prophets relied on mescaline, sacred mushrooms and snake plant to heighten their precognitive abilities. They frequently awakened from their drug-induced trances with accurate visions of the future.

One of the soothsayers *most impressive prophesies was* inscribed on the walls of their sacred temples: ". . . a band of little men with fair skins will come on strange animals and our people will be plagued with death . . . our cities will be ground into dust . . ." The statement named the year of the invasions and named the place where the "fair ones" would land.

Exactly as predicted, the Spanish Conquistadores landed on the coast and rode inland on their magnificent horses to destroy the Aztec empire.

The Boy with X-Ray Vision

At the turn of the century, a twelve-year-old boy was paid as much as $500 to "look through the earth" and locate water in the dry ranch country of Texas. Seventy-nine-year old Guy Finlay still lives in La Pryor, Zavala county, Texas, where his unusual power was first manifested.

Guy Finlay was in the fourth grade when he became aware of his unique ability. "I can tell when there is water under the ground," the boy told his father one evening.

Joel C. Finlay did not dismiss the statement as the product of a child's overactive imagination. "Son, I can always use a new well," the elder Finlay replied. "You might as well show me where to have it drilled."

"I know just the place," the boy said enthusiastically. "I've already got a marker on the spot."

The well drillers had barely sunk their drills into the dry earth when a cool stream of water gushed from the ground. "It's one of the best wells we've ever brought in," the driller admitted. "I'm going to tell my customers about the boy's ability to see water."

News of the "boy with the x-ray vision" spread to even the most isolated homesteads in the ranch country. Joel Finlay charged up to $500 when his son located a well. Skeptical oilmen also became convinced of the boy's ability to "see oil" in the Spindletop oil field near Beaumont. A well-financed company was formed to cash in on Guy's ability.

"Actually, I couldn't see right through the ground," Finlay explained. "It was more like an inner vision. The power lasted until my family started to commercialize on it. Then, it vanished."

Like many others who have been endowed with paranormal power, Finlay discovered the gift could not be turned on and off like a water faucet. These abilities come, or disappear, according to rules we do not understand.

The Cop with the Computer Eyes

Clarence Moore, a thirty-one-year old "bad check artist," had eluded the Canadian police for six months when he was spotted in a crowd and arrested by Detective Dennis Lannon in Vancouver, British Columbia. The fast-traveling crook was arraigned in court on the morning of August 23, 1965, and told the judge about his amazing apprehension.

"It is really unbelievable that the officer picked me out of the crowd," Moore complained. "He said he had seen my picture on a 'wanted' poster more than three months ago. That picture was taken a long time ago and I've done everything to disguise myself."

The crook ended his statement by calling the detective "the cop with the computer eyes."

More than one felon considers the thirty-one-year old detective one of the world's most remarkable lawmen. In the past three years, Detective Dennis Lannon has arrested 170 persons after seeing their pictures on police 'wanted' posters.

"It doesn't seem to matter whether the person has disguised himself. He nails them every time," a Vancouver police officer said respectfully. "He's a real nemesis for Canadian criminals."

Lannon does not use a system. He has never trained his memory. "I may have trained myself subconsciously when I collected pictures of hockey players as a child," Lannon explained. "I memorized their faces, hoping I might see them on the street someday."

"An excellent performance from 'wanted' posters is ten arrests a year," said Deputy Constable John Fisk. "Lannon has averaged one arrest a week for the past three years. He doesn't remember names—just faces."

"Anyone can change their name," Lannon said. "They can't change their faces."

Although his photographic memory is becoming a police legend in Canada, Lannon is not omnipotent in the memory department. "He had a hard time remembering where he left his car keys," Mrs. Lannon laughed.

Canadian criminals undoubtedly wish he would be as forgetful about their faces.

David Niven's ESP Experience

Movie actor David Niven is well known throughout the world for his excellent performances on the screen. However, few people know that the actor is firmly convinced of the power of ESP, and that his belief is based on personal experience with the paranormal.

Several years ago, the actor and his wife, Hjordis, planned to go bird hunting. As they prepared to leave for the shooting fields, Mrs. Niven announced her reluctance to go on the hunt.

"She informed me that she had an extremely strong feeling that someone would shoot her in the face," the actor related. "She even named the person she thought would do it, a friend of ours. I made a few humorous remarks about her overactive imagination and finally persuaded her to come along on the shoot."

Moments after the actor and his wife joined the shooting party, Mrs. Niven was accidentally shot in the face. "The man who did it was the person she had named," Niven stated.

Mrs. Niven was rushed to a hospital and, fortunately, recovered from the terrible accident. Her face was badly scarred for some time. "Her premonition proved true—exactly as she told me beforehand," Niven stated. "Since then, we believe there is more to life than what we know by our conscious mind. We are convinced of the reality of ESP."

The Boy with the Blazing Eyes

"This is incredible," sputtered the policeman. He rubbed his jaw with a bewildered gesture and squinted at a charred corner of a barn on the Hiram Blough farm near Trulock, Madison County, California. The lawman fingered the burned wood. "It looks to me as if someone set a fire here with a pile of old rags or straw."

Hiram Blough shook his head. "Nope. It's little Willie. I can't do a thing with the boy. The devil has taken hold of him and the lad just looks at something and it bursts into flame."

"I doubt that," the suspicious sheriff's deputy said. He looked directly at the farmer. "You haven't been making a little wine out here?"

"Me and the wife have talked it over. We want you to take the boy," Blough said. "A bad boy is one thing but a kid with firebug eyes just ain't human."

That afternoon, twelve-year-old Willie Blough was cast out of his home by a puzzled and frustrated mother and father. There had been rumors in the town that little Willie was "fire-crazy." Wherever the overalled boy went, fires were certain to start. Mrs. Allen Scholl, a widow, claimed the child had been playing with her cats when one of the animals scratched the boy on his hand. "He just looked at the poor creature for a minute and Tabby burst into flames."

Little Willie denied he was possessed by some extrasensory-power. "I don't know nothing about it," he claimed. "I ain't bewitched."

A neighboring farmer agreed with the boy. The farmer took Willie into his home after the child was put out by his parents. "That Blough was always kind of funny," the farmer maintained. "I'll take the boy and send him to school."

Willie was enrolled in the school in Trulock, on October 14, 1886, and his antics created an eerie crisis. "There were five fires in the school that day," reported the *New York Herald*. "The first blaze started when the ceiling burst into flames."

Pandemonium reigned as the volunteer fire department rolled their water wagon into the school yard and shoved their water hoses through a window. The stream of water quickly smothered the blazing ceiling.

"Little Willie done it," a girl shouted, pointing an accusing finger toward the boy.

The astonished onlooked suddenly became aware of Willie. He was slumped against a wall of the room, seemingly oblivious to the excitement. His narrowed eyes were focused on the teacher's desk. Suddenly, a stack of papers burst into flames.

The strange battle between Willie Blough and the tormented firemen was an amazing spectacle that afternoon. As quickly as one blaze was extinguished, another started wherever the boy stared. In desperation, a towering fireman twisted the boy's ear and led the child from the school. As Willie was dragged away, an entire wall was enveloped in fire.

They clapped the boy in the town jail until that evening when a hasty meeting of the Trulock school board was called. These officials greeted the strange story with understandable skepticism. "I'm not going to even consider such a ridiculous tale," snapped the President of the board. "It's not possible to start fires with your eyes."

Through the evening, the witnesses to Willie's activities told their stories. "The boy cried from fright and insisted he was not responsible," the *New York Herald* reported in the edition of October 16, 1886. ". . . the trustees met and expelled him that night."

History does not tell what happened to the boy with the blazing eyes afterward. It might be presumed that the town fathers in Trulock quickly ran the child out of their community.

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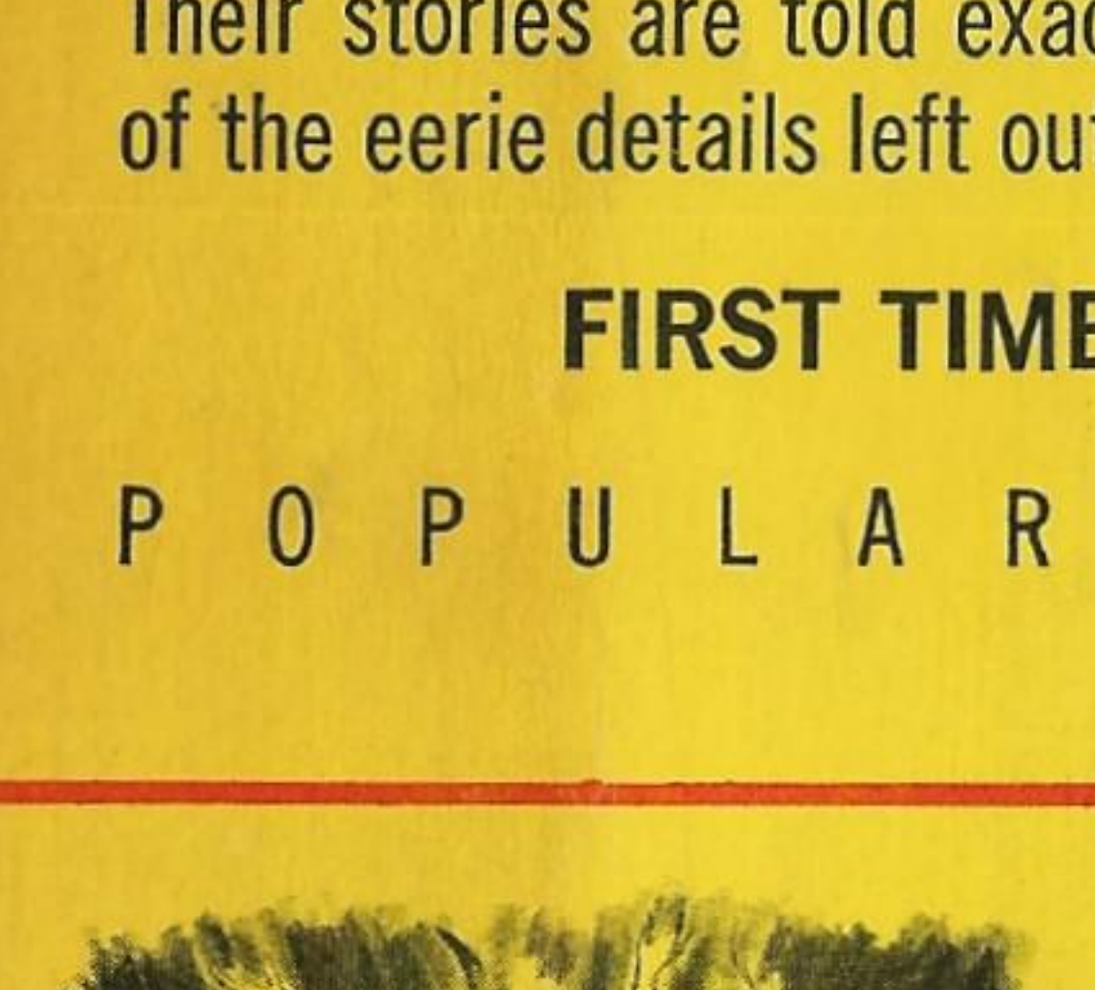

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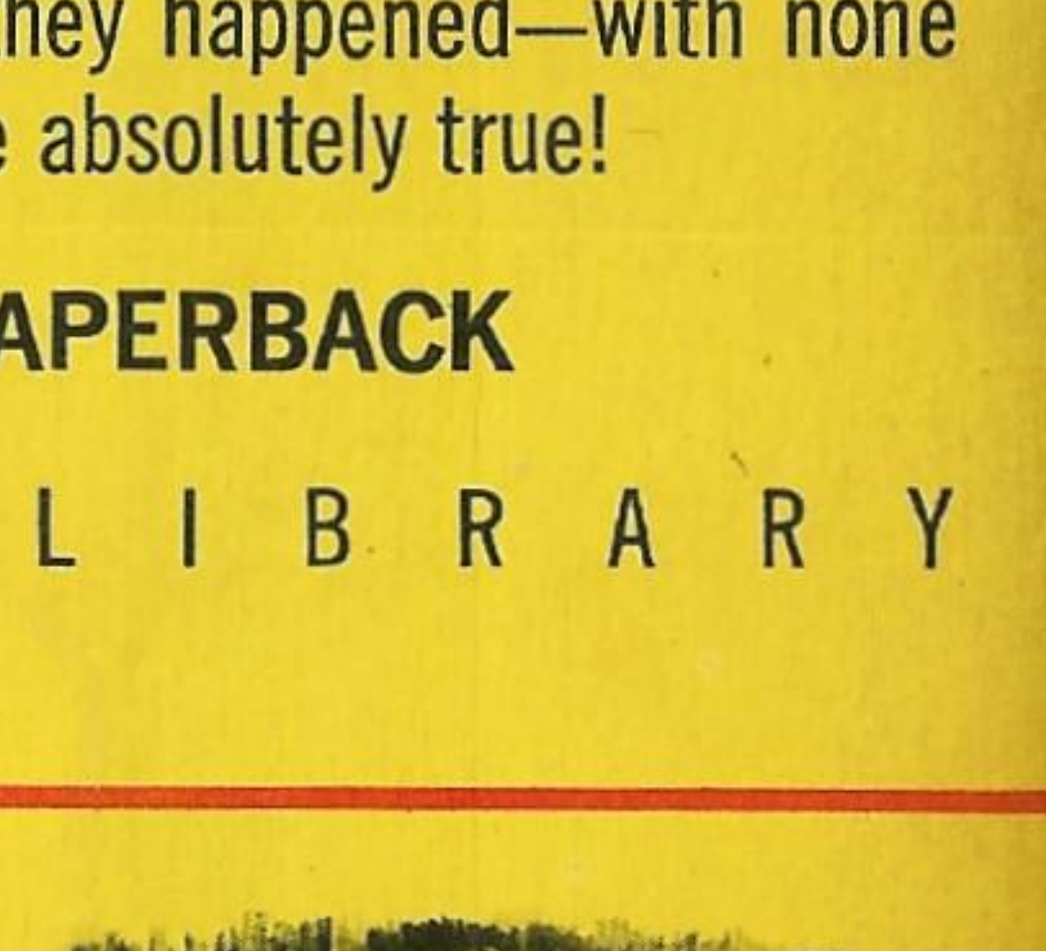

The spirit of death appears in the flesh before him